

INTRODUCING LONDON



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ERNEST
COFFIN.

INTRODUCING LONDON

BY

E. V. LUCAS

WITH 16 ILLUSTRATIONS

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INDEX	vii
HISTORY	1
VICTORIA TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE	6
THE NATIONAL GALLERY	22
THE STRAND AND FLEET STREET	36
THE WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL	46
WESTMINSTER ABBEY	53
THE EMBANKMENT	63
THE CITY	72
THE TOWER OF LONDON	85
THE DOCKS	92
FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS—I	
Mayfair. Hyde Park	95
Kensington and the Museums	98
Hyde Park and the Wallace Collection .	109
FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS—II	
The British Museum	119

INDEX

- Academy, Royal, *see* Royal Academy
Achilles statue, 109
Adelphi, 68
Albany, The, 96
Aldwych, early Danish Settlements, 5
Alexander collection, S.K., 99
Alleyn, E., 92
Angelo di Taddeo Gaddi, 36
Anne, Queen, statue, 75
Antonello da Messina, 26
Arnold, Matthew, 59
Arnold, Dr. Thomas, 59
Australia House, 38
Bank of England, 78
Battersea Park, 7
Beaconsfield, *see* Disraeli
Beaumont, Francis, 92
Beerbohm, Max, 136
Bellini, Gentile and Giovanni, 25, 34
Berck-Heyde, J. A., 28
Birdcage Walk, 10
Blake, William, 132
Boadicea, 3
Boilly, L. L., 117
Boleyn, Q. Anne, 89
Bombs on London, 6, 71
Bond Street, 97
Bone, Muirhead, 139
Bonington, R. P., 32, 101, 104, 118, 132
Book shops, Second-hand, 120
Bosboom, J., 103
Botanical Gardens, 127
Botticelli, S., 24, 33, 35
Botticini, F., 36
Boucher, F., 117
Boudin, E., 103, 135
Bough, Sam, 134
Boursse, E. or L., 114
Bouts, Dirk, 30
Brabazon, H. B., 101, 137, 138
Brangwyn, F., 77, 78, 139
British Empire Exhibition, 142-3
British Museum, 123-5
Brock, Sir Thomas, 10
Bronzino, A., 35, 117
Brouwer, A., 29, 114
Brown, Arnesby, 139
Brown, Ford Madox, 133
Browning, R., 57
Brueghel, P., 30
Buckingham, Duke of, 61
Buckingham Palace, 9
Burlington Arcade, 97
Burlington House, 96
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 104, 105, - 134
Bush Building, 37

viii INTRODUCING LONDON

- Buxton, Fowell, 53
Byron, Lord, 96
— — statue, 109
- Cameron, Sir D. Y., 101, 135,
139
- Campin, Robert, 30
- Canaletto, 113
- Canning, George, 57
- Cappelle, J. van de, 28
- Castagno, Andrea del, 24
- Catena, Vincenzo, 25
- Cavell, Nurse, monument,
19
- Cenotaph, 21, 58
- Chantrey bequest, 130, 137,
138
- Charles I, 13, 64, 89
— statue, 17
- Charles II, effigy, 63
- Charterhouse, 85
- Chatham, *see* Pitt
- Chaucer, G., 57, 91, 92
- Chelsea, 7
"Cheshire Cheese" eating
house, 46
- Christie's Sale rooms, 139
- Churches:
Bow Church, *see* St. Mary-le-Bow
St. Bartholomew the Great,
82-3
St. Botolph Without, 81
St. Bride's, 46
St. Clement Danes, 38
St. Dunstan's-in-the-East,
91
St. Dunstan's-in-the-West,
45
St. Giles, Cripplegate, 3
St. James's, Piccadilly, 95
St. Margaret's in Lothbury, 81
- Churches (*continued*):
St. Margaret's, Westminster, 63-4
St. Martin, Ludgate, 72
St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,
18
- St. Mary-le-Bow, 77
- St. Mary le Strand, 37
- St. Paul's Cathedral, 4, 6,
68, 72-6
- St. Peter's, Cornhill, 81
- St. Stephen's, Walbrook,
81
- St. Swithin's, Cannon St., 4
- Southwark Cathedral, 92
- Temple, 41
- Cinema houses, 142
- Circus at Olympia, 142
- Claude le Lorrain, 32, 34, 116
- Cleopatra's Needle, 6, 71
- Cloth Fair, 82
- Cobden, Richard, 57
- Collier, T., 101
- Collingwood, Admiral Lord,
75
- Constable, J., 23, 97, 101-2,
132
- Coronation Chair, 62
- Corot, 32
- Correggio, 34
- Cotman, J. S., 32, 101
- Courbet, G., 104
- Couture, 115
- Covent Garden, 119
- Cox, David, 32, 132
- Cozens, J. R., 104
- Cranach, L., 31
- Cranmer, Archbishop, 61
- Credi, Lorenzo di, 24
- Crimea Memorial, 14
- Crivelli, Carlo, 26, 35
- Crome, J., "Old Crome," 32-
3, 103

INDEX

ix

- Cromwell, Oliver, 20, 61
 — — statue, 64
 Crystal Palace, 143
 Cuyp, A., 28, 113-6
- Danish occupation, 5
 Darwin, Charles, 58
 Daumier, H., 104
 David, G., 30
 Dayes, Edwin, 101
 Degas, E., 104, 135
 Devonshire House, 97
 Dickens, Charles, 57, 91
 — — portrait by Frith, 103
 Dicksee, Sir F., 135
 Disraeli, B. Lord Beaconsfield, 57
 Docks, 92-5
 Dorchester House, 110
 Dou, Gerard, 27
 Downing Street, 21
 Drake, Sir F., 20
 Drost, Wilhem, 113
 Dryden, John, 57
 Dubbels, H., 29
 Dürer, A., 31
 Duveen, Sir Joseph, 130
 Dyce, William, 33, 133
 Dyce collection, S. K., 103
 Dyck, Sir A. van, 29, 116
- Edmund, St. & King, 59
 Edward the Confessor, 53
 Edward I, tomb, 62
 Edward V, *see* Princes in the Tower
 Edward VII, statue, 14
 Eleanor Cross, 36
 Elizabeth, Queen, statue, 45
 — — tomb, 61
 Embankment, 63-72
 Eyck, Jan van, 30
- Fabritius, K., 29
 Fildes, Sir L., 135
 Fire of London, Great, 6
 — — Monument, 91
 Firework displays, 143
 Fleet Street, 41-6
 Fletcher, John, 92
 Forestier, Amédée, 1
 Forster, John, 103
 Fox, Charles James, 57
 Fragonard, 32, 117
 Francesca, Piero della, 24
 Frith, W. P., 33, 103
- Gainsborough, T., 33, 103,
 117, 118, 131
 Gardens, *see* Parks and Gardens
 Garrick, David, 68-9
 Gauguin, 135
 George II, tomb, 60
 George IV, statue, 18
 Gibbons, Grinling, 81, 96
 Gibbs, James, 19
 Gill, Eric, 50
 Giorgione, 26, 144
 Girdlers' Hall, 77
 Girtin, Thomas, 71, 101
 Gladstone, W. E., 96
 — — statue, 38
 — — tomb, 57
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 42
 Gordon, General, statue, 18
 Government Offices, 11, 21
 Gower, John, 92
 Goya, 31
 Grattan, H., 57
 Greco, El, 31
 Green Park, 10
 Greenwich Park, 145
 Greuze, J. B., 32, 103, 117
 Grey, Lady Jane, 90

- Guard, Changing of the, 10, 11, 21
 Guardi, F., 27, 113
 Guildhall, 4, 77, 79
 Gwynn, Nell, 19
- Hall, Oliver, 139
 Hals, Frans, 29, 115
 Hampstead Heath, 128
 Hampton Court Palace, 144-5
 Hastings, Warren, 57
 Helst, B. van der, 29
 Henry V., 62
 Henry VII, tomb, 61
 Herbert, Sidney, statue, 14
 Herkomer, H. von, 138
 Herschel, Sir W., 58
 Hertford, Marquis of, founder of "Wallace Collection," 112
 Heyden, J. van der, 28, 113
 Hobbema, 28, 113, 115, 116
 Hogarth, W., 33, 45, 131
 Holbein, H., 31
 Holmes, Sir C., 138
 Hooch, P. de., 28, 116
 Horse Guards, 20
 — — Parade, 17
 Hospitals :
 St. Bartholomew's, 82
 St. Thomas's, 7
 Westminster, 50
 Houses of Parliament, 64
 Howard, Q. Katherine, 89
 Hunt, William, 103
 Huysum, J. van, 113
 Hyde Park, 110
 — — orators, 111
- Imperial War Museum, 143
- India, relics of Prince of Wales's visit to, 1920-1, 108
 Ingres, J. A. D., 104
 Innes, J. D., 138
 Institute of Painters in Water Colours, Royal, 96
 Ionides collection, S.K., 104
 Irving, Sir H., 37
 — — statue, 78
 Irving, Lawrence, 37
 Islip, Abbot, 62
 Israels, Josef, 103
- James I, tomb, 61
 Janssens, Cornelius, 104
 John, Augustus, 136, 137, 139
 Johnson, Dr., 38, 45, 57, 71
 — — portrait, by Reynolds, 131
 Jones, Inigo, 20
 Jordaens, J., 116
- Keble, John, 59
 Kensington Gardens, 108
 Kensington Palace, 109
 Kew Gardens, 145
 Kingsley, Charles, 59
 Kitchener, Earl, 20
 Kneller, Sir Godfrey, 59
 Konincks, P., 28, 104
- Lamb, Henry, 138
 Lambeth Palace, 7, 67
 Lancaster House, *see London Museum*
 Lancret, N., 117
 Landseer, Sir E., 17, 102, 118
 Law Courts, 41
 Lawrence, Sir T., 103, 115
 Lawson, Cecil, 137
 Le Brun, Vigée, 117

INDEX

xi

- Legros, A., 104
 Leighton, Sir F., 135
 Le Nain, 104
 Leonardo da Vinci, 25, 96
 Lepage, Bastien, 20
 Leslie, C. R., 102
 Lincoln, Abraham, statue, 50.
 Lincoln's Inn, 42
 Lion, Flora M., 137
 Lippi, Filippino, 35
 London Bridge, the first structure, 4
 London County Council building, 7, 64, 69
 London Dock, 93
 London Museum, 4, 14
 London Stone, 4
 Lovat, Simon Fraser, Lord, 90
 Lovelace, Sir R., 67
 Ludgate Hill, 72, 73
 Luini, B., 117
 Lutyens, Sir E., 58
 Lytton, 1st Lord, 60
 MacColl, D. S., 101
 McEvoy, Ambrose, 138
 MacLise, D., 103
 Maes, N., 114
 Mansion House, 78
 Mantegna, Andrea, 25
 Marble Arch, 111
 Margaret, Countess of Lennox, 60
 Marlborough House, 13
 Mary, Queen of Scots, 60
 Massinger, Philip, 92
 Master of Liesborn, 31
 Mayfair, 97-8
 Mellitus, Bp. of London, 4
 Messina, *see* Antonello
 Metsu, G., 29
 Michelangelo, 34, 96
 Mierevelt, M. J., 115
 Millais, Sir J. E., 32, 75, 105, 133, 136
 Millet, J. F., 104
 Milton, John, 57
 Mint, Royal, 91
 Mints in London, 5
 Moll, 103
 Mond collection, Nat. Gall., 22
 Monument, The, 91
 Moore, Sir John, 75
 Moretto da Brescia, 27
 Morland, George, 118, 132
 Morland, H. R., 132
 Moroni, G., 27
 Müller, W. J., 137
 Murillo, 117
 Museums :
 British, 123-5
 Guildhall, 4
 Imperial Institute, 108
 Imperial War, 143
 Indian, 107
 Natural History, 105-6
 Science, 106-7
 Soane, 42
 South Kensington, 99-105
 United Services, 20
 Victoria & Albert, *see* South Kensington
 Music Halls, 141
 Nash, John, architect, 124
 National Gallery, 22-36, 144
 National Gallery of British Art, *see* Tate Gallery
 National Portrait Gallery, 19
 Nattier, J. M., 118
 Nelson, Horatio Viscount, 63, 75
 — column, 17

xii INTRODUCING LONDON

- Netscher, G., 113
New Scotland Yard, 63
Newton, Sir I., 58
Nicholson, W., 138
Nightingale, Florence, statue,
 14
Noordt, J. van, 113
Northcote, James, 103

Olympia, circus, 142
Omnibuses, 8
Orchardson, W. Q., 137
Orpen, Sir W., 138, 139

Palma Vecchio, 34
Parks and Gardens :
 Green Park, 10
 Greenwich Park, 145
 Hyde Park, 110
 Kensington Gardens, 108
 Kew Gardens, 145
 Regent's Park, 127
 Richmond Park, 145
 St. James's Park, 10
Parliament Square, 21
Pater, J. B., 117
Perronneau, J. B., 32
Perugino, Pietro, 24
Pesellino, F., 24
Piero di Cosimo, 35
Pisano, A., called Pisanello,
 26
Pitt, W., Earl of Chatham, 57
Policemen, 9
Poppa, 117
Port of London, 86
Potter, Paul, 104, 113
Pourbus, F., 117
Poussin, N., 31-2
Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,
 132-4
Princes in the Tower, murder
of, 61, 90-1

Prud'hon, P. P., 115
Purcell, Henry, 58

Raeburn, Sir H., 102, 131
Rahere, 82
Raphael, 35, 100
Rawlinson, 104
Record Office, 45, 47
Regent's Park, 127
Regent Street, 124
Rembrandt van Rijn, 28,
 104, 113-16
Restaurants, 140
Reynolds, Sir J., 33, 103,
 115, 116, 131
Rich, A. W., 138
Richard, Duke of York, *see*
 Princes in the Tower
Richmond Park, 145
Roberts, Earl, statue, 17
Rodin, A., 99
Roman antiquities, 4, 77
 — bath, 38
 — occupation, 2
 — wall, 3
Romney, George, 33, 104, 131
Rossetti, D. G., 104, 134
Rousseau, Theodore, 115, 135
Royal Academy, 96
Royal College of Surgeons, 42
Royal Exchange, 78
Royal Institute of Painters
 in Water Colours, 96
Rubens, P. P., 29, 116
Ruisdael, J. van, 27-8, 113
Russell, W. W., 139

St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
 82
St. James's Palace, 13, 15
St. James's Park, 10
St. Thomas's Hospital, 7
Salisbury, 3rd Marquess, 59

- Salting collection, S.K., 99
 Sandby, Paul, 103
 Sargent, J. S., 19, 23, 32-3,
 137-8
 Sarto, A. del, 35, 117
 Savoy Chapel, 37
 Saxon occupation of Eng-
 land, 4
 Scotland Yard, *see* New Scot-
 land Yard
 Scott, Samuel, 104
 Scott, Sir W., 57
 Shaftesbury Avenue, 120
 Shakespeare, W., 42, 57, 92
 Sheepshanks collection, S.K.,
 102
 Shoosmith, T. L., 101
 Sims, Charles, 139
 Skinners' Hall, 77
 Smithfield, 82
 Soane Museum, 42
 Soho, 120
 Somerset House, 72
 Stanfield, Clarkson, 102, 118
 Stanley, A. P., Dean of
 Westminster, 61
 Staple Inn, 121
 Statues :
 Achilles, 109
 Anne, Q., 75
 Byron, Lord, 109
 Cavell, Nurse, 19
 Charles I, 17
 Cromwell, O., 64
 Edward VII, 14
 Elizabeth, Q., 45
 George IV, 18
 Gladstone, W. E., 38
 Gordon, General, 18
 Herbert, Sidney, 14
 Irving, Sir H., 78
 Johnson, Dr., 38
 Lincoln, Abraham, 50
- Statues and Effigies (*contd.*) :
 Nelson, Lord, 17
 Nightingale, Florence, 14
 Roberts, Lord, 17
 Victoria Memorial, 10
 Washington, G., 18
 Wellington, Duke of, 98
 Wolseley, Lord, 17
 Steen, Jan, 28, 29, 114
 Steer, Wilson, 101, 138
 Stevens, Alfred, 110, 133, 136
 Stothard, T., 132
 Strand, 36-41
 Stuart, Gilbert, 104, 131
 Sunday entertainments, 144-
 5
 Surgeons, Royal College of,
 42
 Swan, J. M., 137
 Sweertz, M., 28
 Taddeo Gaddi, *see* Angelo di
 Taddeo Gaddi
 Tate Gallery, 129-39
 Taxi-drivers, 9
 Temple, 41-3
 — gardens, 72
 Temple Bar, 41
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 57
 Terburg, G., 29, 113-14
 Thackeray, W. M., 57, 85, 103
 Theatres, 141
 Tiepolo, G. B., 27
 Tintoretto, 26
 Titian, 26, 34
 Tonks, H., 138
 Tower of London, 4, 5, 85-91
 — Beauchamp Tower, 90
 — Bloody Tower, 90
 — Chapel, 82
 — Princes murdered, 1483,
 61, 90
 — White Tower, 89

xiv INTRODUCING LONDON

- Tower Bridge, *front.*, 72, 56,
91
Trafalgar Square, 17
Trooping the Colour, 17
Troy, J. F. de, 118
Turner, J. M. W., 32-4, 71, 75,
101-2, 134
Tyburn, 111
- Uccello, Paolo, 24
Underground railway, 8
United Services Institution
Museum, 20
Unknown Warrior, tomb in
Westminster Abbey, 58
- Vandyck, *see* Dyck
Velazquez, 30, 115, 116
Velde, W. van de, 29
Vermeer, Jan, of Delft, 29
Veronese, Paolo, 27
Verrocchio, school of, 24
Victoria, Queen, 89, 109
— Memorial, 10
Vos, Cornelis de, 118
- Walker, F., 137
Wallace Collection, 112-18
War Memorials :
 Air Force, 68
 Belgian, 71
 Cavalry, 110
 Cavell, 19
 Cenotaph, 21, 58
 Flowergirls', 38
 Unknown Warrior's tomb,
 58
War Museum, *see* Imperial
 War Museum
Washington, George, statue,
 18
Waterloo Bridge, 71
- Waterloo Place, 14
Watteau, A., 117
Watts, G. F., 103, 104, 136
Wax effigies in Westminster
Abbey, 61-3
Wellington, 1st Duke of, 75,
95, 109, 136
Wellington Barracks, 10
Wembley, *see* British Empire
Exhibition
Westminster, St. Peter's Col-
lege, 53
Westminster Abbey, 5, 53-63
— — Chapel, 59-62
— — Cloisters, 63
— — Poet's Corner, 57
Westminster Bridge, 64
Westminster Cathedral, 46-51
Westminster Guildhall, 50
Westminster Hall, 64
Wheatley, J., 138
Whistler, J. M., 7, 31, 33, 138
Whitehall, 20
Wilberforce, William, 58
Wilson, Richard, 33, 103-4,
 131
Wimperis, E. M., 101
Wint, Peter de, 101-2
Witte, E. de, 29
Wolfe, General, 89
Wolseley, Lord, statue, 17
Wordsworth, W., 59
Wouwerman, P., 114
Wren, Sir Christopher, 38, 72,
 75, 81, 95-6
- York House (sixteenth cen-
 tury), 71
— — (present day), 13
- Zoffany, J., 33
Zoological Gardens, 127

INTRODUCING LONDON

HISTORY

A FEW words as to the history of London—which to-day consists of over a hundred square miles of shops, offices and residences—may be useful, although a visit to the London Museum at Lancaster House would be more vividly informative. And while there you should not neglect Mr. Forestier's very illuminating reconstructions of Londoners of the past.

In prehistoric times the land on which London now stands was swamp and forest, through which meandered the Thames with numerous tributaries. Some of these tributaries still run beneath the streets.

There can be little doubt that in British times—that is to say, before the Roman invasion—some portion of London was occupied, and a Celtic name, Llyn-din, meaning lake fort, was given to it.

The first Roman invasion, in 55 B.C., under Julius Caesar, who came over from the France which he had recently subjugated, was not much more than a visit of curiosity, as Italians might now be coming in a huge party to see Wembley. In the next year the same commander came again, in a more menacing manner, reached Llyn-din, claimed that the British were vassals to Rome, and was then driven back to France by the British prince Cassivellaunus. That was the end of Julius Caesar's attacks on us ; but Romans were continually crossing to Kent and Sussex, and many of them settled and had enough authority to press the natives into their service.

Britain for many years remained in the conquering Roman mind as a prize worth the winning, and then in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, in A.D. 43, another and more serious invasion occurred. Forty thousand men under Aulus Plautius landed in Kent and marched on Llyn-din ; in Llyn-din Claudius himself took charge and directed the operations of the legions who were to subdue the whole island. Within three years all the country south of the Humber was Roman, and Llyn-din had

become latinised to Londinium, from which our "London" is an easy transition.

There were, of course, insurrections here and there, the most notable being that of Boadicea, the widowed Queen of the King of the Iceni, the people of Norfolk. On the death of her husband, who ruled under Nero, the Romans seized his dominions, publicly whipped the Queen, who had resisted them, and performed other brutalities. An opportunity occurring, Boadicea rallied an army of Britons, conquering, burning and massacring all the way to London, where much damage was done. The Romans, however, mobilised sufficiently to make a stand—some authorities say at King's Cross—and the Britons were finally routed there. Boadicea took poison. You may see her in her chariot (with its scythe blades fixed to the hubs of the wheels) in bronze on Westminster Bridge. She did not rebel in vain; the Roman rule became more humane after her death.

That was in A.D. 61; and it was then that the part of London which the Romans occupied was surrounded by a wall, portions of which you may still trace. There is a bastion in the churchyard of St. Giles,

Cripplegate. At St. Swithin's in Cannon Street, opposite the station, you may see London Stone, which some antiquaries believe to be a part of the forum, while others say that it marked the point from which all distances were reckoned. The first London Bridge was probably built by the Romans, although the British may have contrived a crossing there; and the Romans, as well as the British, probably had a fortress where the Tower now stands. Every kind of domestic relic of the Roman occupation will be found in the London Museum and the Guildhall Museum.

In A.D. 409 that occupation ceased.

It is supposed that under the Saxon invasion, which began in 449, London for a century and more was deserted, although Saxon villages along the Thames may have been established. Rotherhithe, for example, is a Saxon name.

In 604 London had sufficiently recovered to have a bishop Mellitus, consecrated by Augustine and appointed by King Ethelbert. It was then called Lundenevic. Ethelbert also built the first church of St. Paul.

A period of a few years follows, in which the heathen raged, and then in 656 a new

bishop was appointed and London has never been without Christianity or a bishop since. At the same time—in the seventh century—it became a centre of the slave-dealing industry.

In the eighth century its prosperity increased, especially as a cosmopolitan mart and port. Early in the ninth came the harrying Danes, who seized London and for many years turned the country into a battle-ground, until Alfred the Great came to the rescue. Then under Athelstan London became more important and wealthy than before. It had, for example, eight mints. Under the Ethelreds, however, the Danes returned, fortified and occupied Southwark, burnt the city and extorted "Danegeld." Under Canute they were again and finally evicted as a foe, but a large number remained and settled in Aldwych. The last Saxon kings were Edward the Confessor, who began Westminster Abbey, and Harold, who was killed at the Battle of Hastings during the Norman invasion in 1066.

On capturing London, William the Conqueror at once set about making the Tower a real stronghold. It was he also who began another St. Paul's, on the site of

6 INTRODUCING LONDON

Ethelbert's, which was burnt in a terrible fire in 1087.

William the Conqueror was the last foreign invader of London until, in the Great War of 1914-1918, the Germans assaulted it from the air. You will find traces of their bombs at the base of Cleopatra's Needle. There were, however, civil attacks on the capital from time to time—such as Wat Tyler's insurrection in 1381, and Jack Cade's in 1450—and also riots within.

In 1666 an immense tract of London, including Old St. Paul's, was destroyed by the Great Fire, of which the diarist Samuel Pepys gives so dramatic an account. The new St. Paul's, which is now under repair, was begun in 1675.

Thereafter the history of London is known sufficiently to all.

VICTORIA TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE

TRAVELLERS to England from America enter London either at Euston, Waterloo or Paddington, according as they land at Liverpool, Southampton or Plymouth.

German, Dutch and other northern European travellers enter at Liverpool Street. French, Belgian, Italian, and Spanish come to Victoria; that is why I have chosen Victoria as our stepping-off point.

A few minutes before the station is reached you cross the Thames. Looking out by the west window you see on the south bank Battersea Park, one of the prettiest and most natural of London's "lungs," as they are called. Farther away is Chelsea, where the artists congregate and where Whistler discovered the beauty of the river under fog and mist. The great building with the four chimneys is the electric power house for the London Tubes.

Looking out of the east or right window as you approach London, you see on the south bank Lambeth, where the Archbishop of Canterbury has his London palace. Then the red and white buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital, and then the great new headquarters of the London County Council. There is Westminster Bridge, at the north end of it rising the tower and spire of the Houses of Parliament, with Westminster Abbey behind them. The

white building close to us on the north bank is the Tate Gallery, where British painting is honoured.

And so we come to Victoria.

Let me say now, before we explore any further, that the simplest and cheapest way of travelling about London is by underground railway. The system is admirable; and from Victoria, for instance, by means of exchanges at various points, you can get almost anywhere—or very adjacent to it—for a few pence.

For example, if you want to go to the City, you take a ticket and travel east to the Mansion House station. If you want to go to Hampstead, you begin by travelling east, change at Charing Cross and go north. If you want to go to South Kensington for the museums you go westward to the station of that name. And all in a few minutes.

But of course in this way you will see, *en route*, nothing of London. To see London there is no point of vantage so good or so cheap as the top of an omnibus, and no city in the world has so many omnibuses. You will be wise to buy an omnibus-guide early in your visit and quickly learn the numbers appertaining to the routes.

When in doubt in London ask a policeman. The London police (in addition to their own special work) are always courteous and ready to help those in difficulties.

Don't believe that London taxi-drivers are uncivil. They are not ; and exorbitant they cannot be, because the price is marked on the meter. Give them either threepence or sixpence extra, and remember that London's administration, for some inscrutable reason contrary to all continental customs, provides that only two persons are allowed to ride in our taxis for the marked fare ; all others are ninepence each. And all pieces of luggage outside are threepence each.

Victoria Station is in the south-west district of London, on the borders of Belgravia, one of the aristocratic sections. A quarter of a mile away to the right is Buckingham Palace, the home of the King, at a point between St. James's Park and the Green Park. We will first take the route that passes it because most visitors to London are bound for hotels that are gained by Buckingham Palace Road and the Mall.

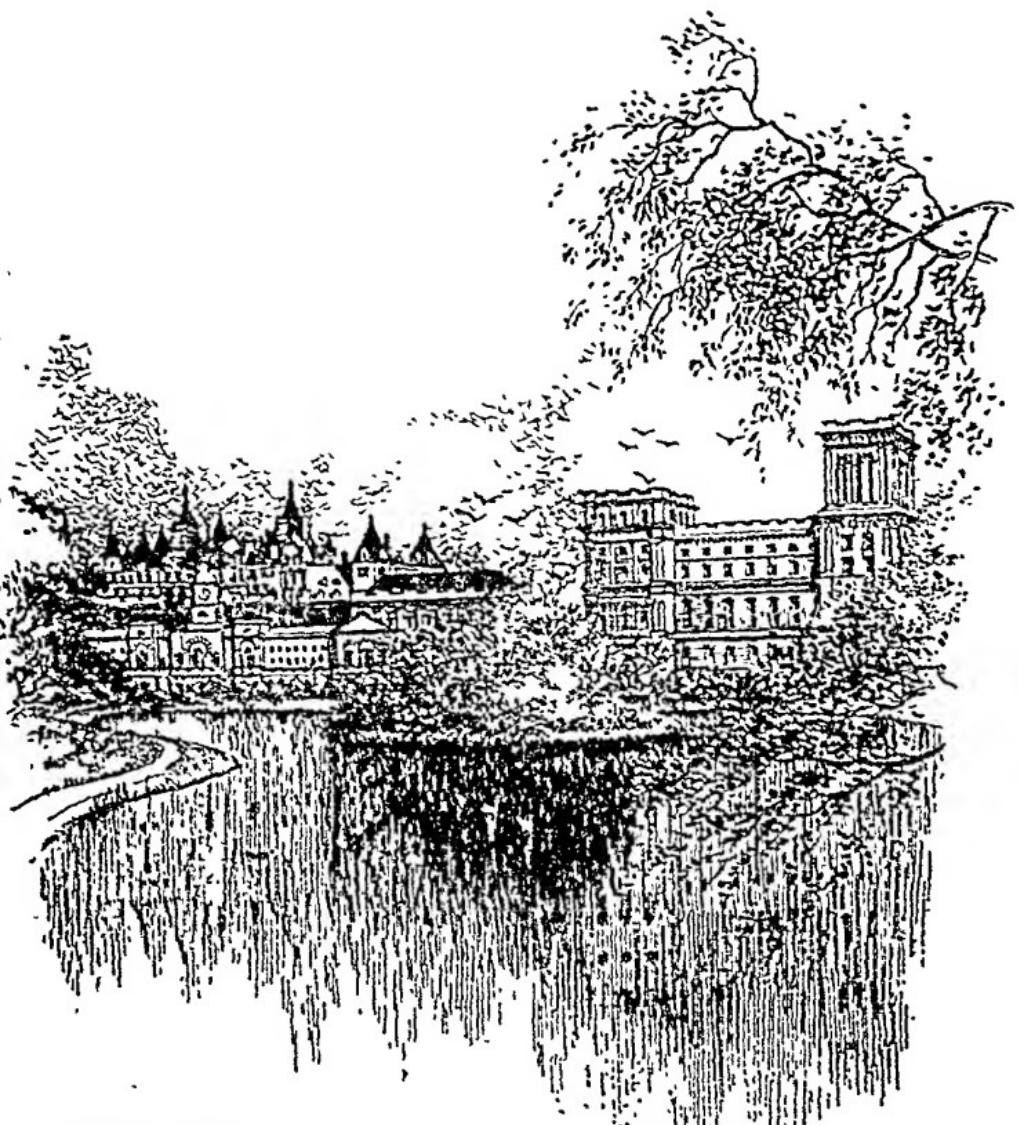
Behind the King's Palace spread the grounds where the famous garden parties

are held ; before it, the memorial to Queen Victoria, designed by the late Sir Thomas Brock, with symbolic figures around and above : facing the palace a sweet and comforting group representing maternity, and on the other side the Monarch herself, imperial and serene.

As you are going along the Mall you pass by the memorial. If you were to go past the Buckingham Palace Road façade of the palace without turning, you would enter Birdcage Walk and have on your right the famous Wellington Barracks.

Buckingham Palace, when the King is in residence, is a favourite resort of strangers at half-past ten, for then the guard is changed and the band plays. But the King does not come out to listen, as the late Emperor Franz Joseph used at Vienna. You may tell if the King is at home by the Royal Standard. It is never flown in his absence from London.

On your immediate left, and north of the palace, is the Green Park, pleasantly wooded and sloping up to Piccadilly ; on the right is St. James's Park, famous for the water fowl on its lake, which are sufficiently various to include pelicans. The open space in front of the palace



The Foreign Office
Horse Guards' Whitehall Palace
War Office & Whitehall Court
from St James's Park Lake

ERNEST COFFIN.

VICTORIA TO TRAFALGAR SQ. 13

divides the two parks. Remember that standing on the little suspension bridge over the St. James's Park water, with your back to Buckingham Palace, you have one of the most beautiful views in London : the white façade of the Government offices and the Horse Guards seen through the trees, and over them the turrets and gables of Whitehall Court, against the sky, like a castle of romance. As the sun goes down, this is almost, if not quite, London's loveliest effect.

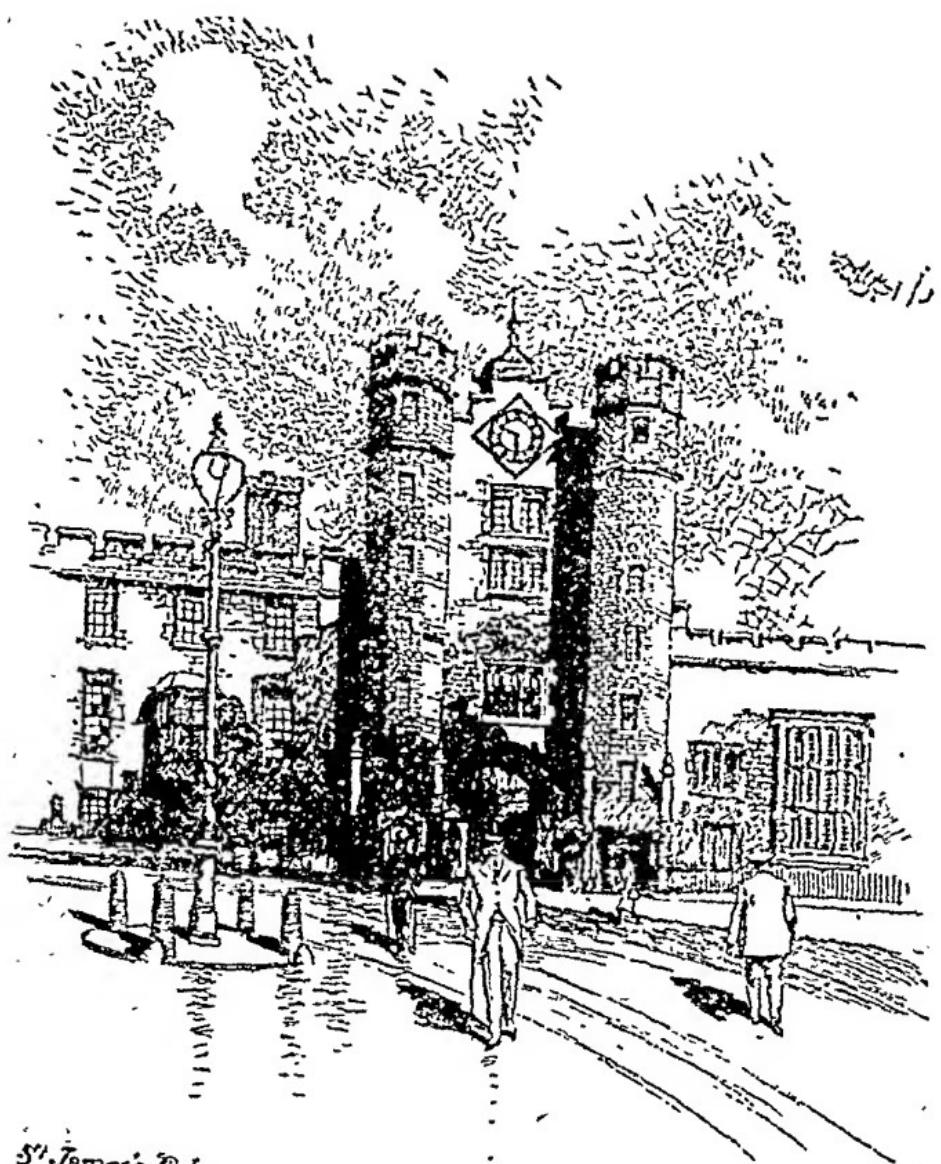
If you are going to Pall Mall, your taxi will turn to the left half way along the Mall between St. James's Palace, within the precincts of which, at York House, the Prince of Wales has his apartments, and Marlborough House, where Queen Alexandra lives. It is in the Courtyard on the left that, when the King is out of London, the guard is changed, to music, at the same hour of ten-thirty every morning. The fine old gateway at the foot of St. James's Street dates from the reign of Henry VIII and has his initials on it. It was in a room here that Charles I slept on the night before his execution, and he walked from it across the park to Whitehall next morning just as one can to-day.

If you were to walk past this gateway due west along the façade by York House and then turn to the left, you would come to Lancaster House, that noble mansion which has been converted into the London Museum, where every article of interest illustrating the growth of London from a village to a capital is exhibited. Sooner or later—sooner for choice—you must visit it.

Your taxi, if you are going to the Ritz or Claridge's, the Berkeley, the Piccadilly, or the Regent Palace Hotel, will take you up St. James's Street, which is the main thoroughfare of what is called "Clubland."

If you are going to the Carlton it will take you along Pall Mall, where almost every house is a club too, passing at Waterloo Place, on your right, the statue of King Edward VII on horseback, just under the Duke of York's column, and on your left, the Crimea Memorial and statues of Sidney Herbert, who was War Minister during the Crimean struggle, and Florence Nightingale, who organised the nursing at Scutari, and is famous for ever as the "Lady with the Lamp."

If you are going to the Savoy or Cecil



St. James's Palace
King Henry VIII's Gateway.

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VICTORIA TO TRAFALGAR SQ. 17

or Strand Palace Hotel your taxi will continue in the park along the Mall, with Carlton House Terrace on your left, and on your right the great new Admiralty building, with the wireless attachment that indicates the position of every vessel in our navy. The open space beyond it is the Horse Guards Parade, where the ceremony of "trooping the colour" is performed on the King's Birthday, June 3rd. The archway is a right of way to Whitehall. There are equestrian statues here of Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts.

You however at the moment are keeping in the Mall and going under the new Admiralty Arch and so across the Lower part of Trafalgar Square to the Strand. The building all along the top side of Trafalgar Square is the National Gallery. The great column is that erected in honour of Nelson, whose figure dominates London from the top ; at its base are four bronze reliefs depicting scenes in the life of the hero and the four famous lions (really one lion repeated) by Landseer. The little equestrian statue in the middle of the roadway is that of Charles I, looking down Whitehall towards the scene of his tragic end.

Trafalgar Square has two of London's very small supply of fountains—a shortage that must strike many continental visitors, and especially perhaps those from Rome, with surprise. There are several statues here, the most attractive being that of General Gordon, standing in a posture of easy grace. At the far corner on the right as you face the Square is an heroic figure of George IV on horseback; behind him, in the garden of the National Gallery, is a figure of George Washington, exactly life-size and therefore looking, by comparison, extremely modest. On the back wall of the Square enclosure, behind the fountains, and let into the stone in brass, may be seen some standard British measures.

The pigeons here are very tame and greedy, and you may see them being fed at all hours as in St. Mark's Square in Venice, but London has no noon gun to send them up in a pretended panic. Feeding the pigeons is also a favourite amusement at St. Paul's, the Guildhall and the British Museum.

The church to the right of the National Gallery is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, with its noble row of Corinthian columns and

its gleaming spire. The effect of London soot on white stone is always soothing and impressive, but never more so than on this building. It is one of the best churches that Sir Christopher Wren did not build. The architect was James Gibbs, and the time of construction was 1721-6. Nell Gwynn, Charles II's most famous lady, was buried here.

Adjoining the National Gallery, with its entrance facing the monument to Nurse Cavell, is the National Portrait Gallery, which contains representations of every one famous in England, whether military, naval, legislative, literary, artistic or social, since the art of limning began. Although it is primarily a gallery of portraits chosen for the importance of their subject rather than their treatment, the National Portrait Gallery contains some magnificent work from early Tudor times, through Van Dyck, Lely, Kneller and Hogarth, down to Reynolds and Gainsborough, Lawrence and Raeburn ; and so to such recent masterpieces as the late John Sargent's pictures of Coventry Patmore the poet and Henry James the novelist. Henry James, it may be noted, became a British citizen just before his death. No one should miss

Bastien Lepage's portrait of Henry Irving.

If, instead of going into Trafalgar Square, you were to turn to the right at King Charles's statue and go down Whitehall, you would soon be among the Government offices. On the right is the old Admiralty, with its fine gateway. Opposite is the new War Office. Then, on the same side, Whitehall, with its noble Banqueting Hall designed by Inigo Jones. It was through a window of this very room that Charles I stepped to the scaffold. A tablet tells you which. In this building is the museum of the United Services, with relics brought together without much historical order but none the less interesting. Wellington and Nelson are the principal heroes, but Napoleon is not neglected. A sword belonging to Oliver Cromwell may be seen ; a walking-stick that was Sir Francis Drake's ; Lord Kitchener's Field-Marshal's baton.

Opposite Whitehall is the Horse Guards, with the gateway to the Horse Guards Parade, of which I have said something, and to the Pelicans' Pond in St. James's Park. In the sentry boxes, or rather arches, on each side of the Whitehall entrance, two mounted Life Guards or Royal

Horse Guards are on duty every day from ten to four, and few sights in London are more popular. A crowd assembles at eleven every morning to see the guard changed.

Continuing farther along Whitehall, still on the right, we come to the Treasury, and then to Downing Street, a quiet *cul-de-sac* with the Prime Minister's house on the right, at No. 10, and opposite it, in the courtyard, the Foreign Office. There is a right of way for foot passengers from Downing Street to St. James's Park, and from the Horse Guards Parade you can see the wall of the Prime Minister's garden and also the fine dignity of the old Treasury building.

Returning to Whitehall, the beautiful lonely Cenotaph meets the eye. You will notice that nearly all men as they pass it, on foot or in vehicles, remove their hats.

The last section of Whitehall is called Parliament Street, at the end of which we come to Parliament Square, with its many statues of statesmen. In front is the Abbey, and to the left the Houses of Parliament. Between them is the little church of St. Margaret's. Of this district I shall say more very soon.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

THE National Gallery was founded in 1824 by the purchase of thirty-eight pictures belonging to a Russian merchant settled in London named John Julius Angerstein. But the pictures, with those that had been added to them, did not find a home in the present building till 1838.

The National Gallery has no priceless run of any one painter, except Turner, whose principal works are now, however, at the Tate, which is the name of its complementary half, devoted to recent British art, on the Embankment ; but it is of all the public galleries perhaps the most catholic, and it is there that the visitor may get, swiftly, the best idea of what the paint-brush in the ablest hands, in all countries and at the most inspired periods, has been able to accomplish.

The National Gallery is constantly being re-arranged to accommodate new arrivals : a disturbing matter for compilers of guide-books, but otherwise all to the good. The last considerable change was caused by the addition of the collection bequeathed by Mr. Ludwig Mond which now occupies Room XXVI.

This collection, which is entirely Italian, adds rather to the numerical than the artistic strength of the Gallery; but three or four of the works are of fine quality or interest.

Room I is straight ahead, past the picture-postcard stall in the lobby, being some examples of the earliest painting. But if you want British art you should take the stairs to the left at the top of which you will find a foretaste in the superb portraits of the Wertheimer family by the late John S. Sargent, most hauntingly memorable being the young man in the laboratory. Here also is Constable's "Weymouth Bay," a variant of the great landscape in the Louvre, but even windier and more splendid.

The stairs to the right lead to the Spanish rooms, and in the lobby are hung some recent miscellaneous acquisitions as well as some large Italian works.

We will now take the rooms in their numerical order.

In Room I (over the entrance to which are heads of Leonardo, Correggio, and Rembrandt) are the earliest examples of Christian art. The rarest work perhaps is the Massaccio altar-piece, but the tragic

intensity of the Castagno "Crucifixion" (1138) is more arresting. Paolo Uccello's famous battle-piece (583), "The rout o San Romano, 1452," when the Florentines defeated the Sienese, is also here. Look for Botticelli's "Nativity," No. 1034.

Room II is chiefly Botticelli's and his school, and it is notable for the sweetness of its faces, whether of Madonnas or their angelic companions. The most popular picture is probably Botticelli's "Madonna and Child," No. 275; but let us turn first to the two pictures attributed to the School of Verrocchio—of the "Madonna and Child with Angels" (296), and of the "Raphael and Tobias" (781), where there is movement almost as of flight. Lorenzo di Credi (who was trained in Verrocchio's studio) has two Madonnas here whose blue robes are a joy.

In Room III we find the "Nativity and Singing Angels," by Piero della Francesca, all faded, but so very beautiful, and his "Baptism of Christ," which is both a religious picture and a cool harmony. Note the bather removing his shirt. A series of three panels by Perugino fills the eye with their gracious glow.

In Room IV is the composite Pesellino,

so curiously assembled from different sources. There are also various church pictures, pretty and simple.

With Room V we come to the Lombardy school—Leonardo and his followers. “The Virgin of the Rocks” is the masterpiece here; the rest are skilful and pleasing rather than great.

With Room VI we come to Venice and Padua, the chief figures being the two Bellini, Giovanni and Gentile, and Mantegna, their brother-in-law. Perhaps, Giovanni Bellini’s portrait of the “Doge Leonardo Loredano (No. 189) is the favourite work, but his brother’s portrait of the Sultan Mohammed II (3099) has extraordinary interest. Sultans were not in the habit either of visiting foreign cities or of being painted by Christians. The date is 25th November, 1480, Giovanni Bellini in all his moods is here; while Mantegna is well represented too with the “Agony in the Garden” (1417) as the masterpiece. Never were men so asleep as the three disciples. At the other extreme of religious painting we have the “St. Jerome” of Catena (No. 694), where imagination gives way completely to the most matter-of-fact invention and even

the lion is tidy. Catena's large picture of the "Warrior Adoring the Infant Christ" (234) has much charm and the tenderest light. I must mention also the little Giorgione study for the San Liberale in the Castelfranco altar-piece (269) and the extremely beautiful and touching "Crucifixion" by Antonello da Messina (No. 1166).

Be sure not to miss the "Annunciation" by Carlo Crivelli (No. 739), very carefully signed and dated by the artist, 1486. It is not a great work of imagination, but it is full of quaint and amusing detail; note the little girl peeping and the aperture in the masonry thoughtfully left by its builder in case, one day, a celestial ray might need to penetrate it. Another attractive picture to be looked for is the St. Anthony and St. George (No. 776) by Pisano, or Pisanello, the medallist.

Room VII is entirely Venetian, and it is here that we find the "Bacchus and Ariadne" (35) and the other Titians, the Giorgionesque "Noli me tangere" (270), and Tintoretto's "Origin of the Milky Way" (1313), that supreme piece of brilliant virtuosity, which was, I imagine, painted for a ceiling decoration and should

be looked at as such. Here are the Paul Veroneses, notably the "St. Helena" (1041), the Moroni and Moretto portraits, so calm and distinguished, of which perhaps the masterpiece is Moroni's "Lawyer," the dashing oil sketches of the Trojan horse by Tiepolo (Nos. 3318 and 3319), and two perfect Guardis (Nos. 2098 and 2524). The Ferrarese battle-piece (No. 1062), although something of a muddle as design, is enchanting as decoration.

Room IX, the first of the three Dutch rooms, is, with a few exceptions, such as the Gerard Dou "Poulterer's Shop" (825) that miracle of minuteness with pettiness, and works by Hobbema, Ruisdael, W. van de Velde, Metsu, Vroom, and Jan van de Cappelle, almost negligible, since so much finer Dutch work awaits us in Rooms X and XII. (I take Rooms X and XII together because they join. Room XI, which leads out of Room X, is Italian.)

Room X is the large Dutch room, where the principal Rembrandts and Cuyps and Ruisdaels hang. The greatest Ruisdael is the "Landscape," No. 990, but for vivacity and light and mastery in one there is nothing more striking than his

"Shore at Scheveningen" (1390), and we find light again in the Van der Heyden and Berck-Heyde street scenes in the Jan van de Cappelle "Calm" (2587), and in the curious large family group by Sweertz (1699). The little Jan Steen "Skittle Players" (2560) shows the jovial innkeeper bestowing more care than usual on every detail. Rembrandt's portrait of himself is perhaps his finest work in this room, while the evening landscape (53) is the best Cuyp. The best Hobbema is perhaps No. 2571, but all the National Gallery Hobbema's are gems.

Room XII is one of the most fascinating of the whole gallery, for here are the picked smaller Dutch examples. Perhaps the honours are with Rembrandt, "The Philosopher" (3214), with its broken light on the wall, being by no means least important. The power of the "Woman bathing" (54) is irresistible. Then I should name Peter de Hooch's "Interior of a Dutch House" (834) for its light and colour; and Hobbema's famous "Avenue at Middelharnis" (830) for its serene dignity, and his "Village with Water Mills" (832) for its glitter and sunshine; and the great Koninck, where all Holland is spread out;

and the two De Wittes, so different; one a church interior and the other a fish market; and the Brouwer landscape, with Tobias and the Angel (72), which used to be called a Rembrandt; and the little peaceful landscape by Dubbels and another quiet landscape by W. van de Velde; and the Frans Hals and the Van der Helst portraits; and the Terburg "Guitar Lesson" and the little full-length by the same hand, and the Metsu "Music Lesson" and the Jan Steen "Music Master," and the two Vermeers and the new and distinguished portrait of a young man by Fabritius, who was Vermeer's master. In this room a Dutch perspective "Peepshow" has been placed.

Rooms XIV and XV are Flemish. Beginning with XIV we find Rubens once more in a well-chosen selection from the many works that the National Gallery possesses. Most of his moods are represented, from the delicacy of the Susanne Fourment portrait to the vigorous coarseness of the "Triumph of Silenus," while the three landscapes are superb. Perhaps the finest thing in the room is Van Dyck's head of Cornelius Van der Geest, painted when the artist was only twenty-

INTRODUCING LONDON

vo. But all the Van Dycks are good. In Room XV we recede in time and find Jan van Eyck with his marvellous Arnolfini group (186). The visitor should take a magnifying glass for the Scriptural scenes round the mirror. Here is Gerard David with very charming and interesting works, the "Christ nailed to the Cross" (1067) showing him as an inspiration to old Brueghel; old Brueghel himself with the irreverent "Adoration" (3556); Quinten Massys, Hans Memling, Mabuse, and Dirk Bouts with the moving representation of grief in the "Entombment" (164). A rare painter, Robert Campin (c. 1375-1444) (known also as the Maître de Férode and Maître de Flémalle), is to be found here. The little town seen through the window in No. 2609 is an urban paradise.

Rooms XVII and XVIII are Spanish and are notable for Velazquez. There is doubt as to whether or not the "Admiral Gómez-Pareja" is his, and doubts were thrown on the "Venus and Cupid" when it was bought in 1906; but the two "Philips," full-length and head, are unmistakable. Look for the magnificent impression of the boar hunt in the little

Room XVIII. Goya's brilliant portrait of the Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel in Room XVII seems actually to breathe. El Greco's "Agony in the Garden" requires considerable readjustment of vision after the pictures we have been looking at, and is an argument for the liberal use of screens for isolation purposes, but its exciting vivacity and force cannot be resisted. Lastly, I must mention the serenity and distinction of the anonymous "St. Paul Reading" in Room XVIII, which has a curious resemblance to Whistler's portrait of his mother.

In Room XIX we find the few German pictures that the National Gallery possesses, in particular Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" and the "Ambassadors." Dürer's portrait of his father is attractive, and there is some elaborate work by the Master of Liesborn, and an amusing group called "Charity" by Cranach, with one of the earliest dolls in art in the little girl's hand.

Room XX is French, from primitive times to Claude and Nicolas Poussin. Among the anonymous pictures a putative portrait of Mary Queen of Scots is interesting. The distance in No. 40 by

Poussin is a dream of delight. A recent acquisition is a work by the rare Master of Moulins.

Room XXI is French, old and new, with some modern Dutch pictures added. Corot is represented at both ends of his career; and styles as different as those of Boucher and Manet may be compared. The little blue pastel by Perronneau always has its admirers, and the Greuze heads exercise their punctual sway. There are examples of Fragonard and Watteau, but the place for them is the Wallace Collection. Two new Chardins have just been added.

Room XXII is British and is dominated by Constable, who, although his canvases are small, fills the place with weather. Here is "The Hay Wain," exhibited at the Louvre in 1824, which began his influence on French art. But Nos. 1819 and 1822 illustrate that influence even more directly. Old Crome's "Windmill" and Cotman's "Wherries on the Yare" must not be overlooked. David Cox's "Windy Day" is superb and Bonington's "Scene in Normandy" has a classic perfection. Turner's oil sketches are like *legerdemain*. Among the more modern paintings are Millais's Gladstone, Mr. Sargent's Lord

Ribblesdale, Whistler's lovely "Blue and Silver Nocturne" of the river, Frith's amazingly lively "Derby Day" (which is always the most popular picture in the whole gallery), and Dyce's "Pegwell Bay," that far subtler achievement.

In Room XXIV we find British landscape art at its best, for here are more Constables, Turner's "Frosty Morning," "Crossing the Brook," and "Fighting Téméraire," and Old Crome's "Mousehold Heath," "Poringland Oak," and "Moonrise on the Yare." A few portraits are also here, including a family group by Zoffany, but it is its majestic landscapes that make the room memorable.

Room XXV is the great British portrait saloon, where Reynolds and Gainsborough are the presiding geniuses, with Hogarth's "Shrimp Girl" to prove that British painting did not begin with them. But the most popular picture is Romney's "Lady and Child." Personally I go first to the tender golden Wilsons, and particularly to the little scene called "On the Wye."

In Room XXVI we come to the Mond bequest, of which I have already spoken. The best pictures are the two Botticelli

panels, so vividly depicting scenes in the life of St. Zenobius; the Titian Madonna and Child; the Palma Vecchio "Flora," the Bellini "Pietà" and the two Venetian portraits. There is a Raphael, but it is insipid and too like his master Perugino. Our true Raphaels are in other rooms.

Room XXVII belongs to the Italian masters of the decline—Guido Reni, Sassoferato, Carlo Dolci and so forth.

Room XXVIII is given to Turner, a changeable selection of whose water-colours and unfinished oils is always here, together with the two pictures which he bequeathed to the nation on the condition that they should hang next the two Clauses, which they challenge. When one is alone with a beautiful Claude one is convinced that nothing could be more lovely; but I should put Turner's "Sun rising through Vapour" among the first masterpieces of beauty in the world.

With Room XXIX (you see how disorderly is the sequence) we return to Italian art at its maturest, and find Michael Angelo, with the two unfinished pictures that were to have been so wonderful; Correggio with his "Mercury Instructing Venus before Cupid," that brilliant

achievement; Raphael, ranging from the little "Vision of a Knight," like a jewel (with its accompanying drawing) and the gay "Procession to Calvary," to the delicious Garvagh Madonna; Bronzino, with his dashing Allegory, which so badly needs some of Correggio's power over chiaroscuro; Andrea's "Young Sculptor," so rich and melancholy; Botticelli's "Mars and Venus," all restrained and temperate, so different from the glowing ecstasy of Piero di Cosimo's "Death of Procris," which occupies the corresponding position on the other side; and lastly the Filippino Madonna and Child with St. Jerome and St. Dominic, that perfect example of a Church picture.

Finally, we come to the Central Dome and its dependencies—Rooms IV, VIII, IX, and XVI—where large altar-pieces congregate. Of these the finest is the Madonna which Raphael painted for the Ansidei family, and which was set up in the Servite Church in Perugia in 1506. It was bought from the Duke of Marlborough in 1885 for the highest sum then ever paid for a single picture. Other notable works in these rooms are the Crivellis, so full of amusing detail; the

very lovely and very early "Coronation of the Virgin" by Taddeo Gaddi, with the exquisite flowered robes; the very early Orcagna; the Botticini "Assumption of the Virgin," with the lilies springing from the tomb and a recognizable Florence in the distance; and altar-pieces by Luca Signorelli, Francia, and Cima.

THE STRAND AND FLEET STREET

MUCH of the most interesting parts of London may be seen on a walk from Trafalgar Square to Ludgate Circus, along the Strand and Fleet Street.

The very florid structure rising from the yard in front of Charing Cross Station on your right is a reconstruction of the last of the Eleanor crosses, which were set up by King Edward I in 1291 wherever the body of Eleanor his Queen rested on her funeral procession from Nottinghamshire to Westminster. In the Abbey the tombs of both husband and wife can be seen.

Passing along, still going east, you come

on your right to two great hotels, the Cecil and Savoy. Everything here is new. In order to find an ancient building you must go down the steep street after the Savoy is passed, where you will see the little shy secluded chapel of the Savoy close to the hotel on the right. This tiny church, although it has been restored, still has a charming air of antiquity and is a true retreat from the bustle of the Strand. It dates from 1505. One of its memorials is to Lawrence Irving, son of the great actor, and returning to the Strand you see on the opposite side of the road the Lyceum Theatre, where his father, Sir Henry Irving, once reigned. A statue of Irving is outside the National Portrait Gallery in the Charing Cross Road.

After Wellington Street the first object of interest is the church in the middle of the road, St. Mary le Strand, in front of which the famous maypole in the Strand (removed in 1718) was placed. The great white stone edifice on the church's north side is the Bush Building, a recent work of American architects. If you go round to the other side, facing Kingsway, you will see its fine portico, one of the grandest effects in recent London masonry. The

next building, at the corner of Aldwych and the Strand, is Australia House, with symbolic groups of statuary over the door.

In a lane running down to the Thames from the Strand just by St. Mary's is one of London's most curious relics, a Roman bath in perfect preservation, presumably a survival of the Roman occupation.

The next church, also isolated in the Strand, is St. Clement Danes, one of Sir Christopher Wren's works. Its principal interest to-day is its association with Dr. Johnson, whose pew is shown in the gallery. In front of it is a monument to Gladstone. Behind it is a meagre statue of Dr. Johnson.

In the church is a war memorial erected at the cost of the London flowerwomen, and beside it the basket of one of the most popular of this sisterhood, in which fresh votive flowers are constantly placed.

The street to the right, at the corner of the Strand, is Essex Street, with a fine seventeenth century gateway at the foot and a pathway to the Temple leading out on the left. The gateway gives on the Embankment and is only a minute from the Temple station on the underground. The house at the foot of the steps, built



The Law Courts, The Griffin
St Dunstan's-in-the-West
and Fleet Street.

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COFFIN

by the late Lord Astor, and now an Insurance Office, is one of the most distinguished pieces of modern design and craftsmanship.

But that is a diversion ; we are still in the Strand.

The great and very ornamental building on the left of St. Clement Danes is the Law Courts, a masterpiece of modern Gothic, dating from 1874 to 1882. At the Griffin, the monument in the middle of the street, the Strand and the City of Westminster end and Fleet Street and the City of London begin. It was here that Temple Bar stood, that fine gateway. If you want to see what it is like, removed from traffic, you can, for it was set up again, stone by stone, in Theobald's Park, in Essex, about an hour away by motor-car.

On the right at this point are other entrances to the Temple, where you should certainly loaf awhile, both in the cool red courts with their shady trees in the midst, and in the Church. The Temple Church is one of the most beautiful in London, and the best of the four circular churches in all England. On the floor are the effigies of the Templars who fought in the Crusades. The circular part of the church dates from 1185. In the churchyard you

will find the tomb of Oliver Goldsmith.

The Temple is divided into the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple, two of the four Inns of Court that can give the right to practise as a barrister. In Middle Temple Hall you will find yourself in a noble apartment in which Shakespeare himself once acted.

On returning to Fleet Street you can, if you like, walk up Chancery Lane, and look into Lincoln's Inn, another backwater of the Bar, with its lawns and ancient buildings. The red brick gateway dates from 1518. If you go right through, with the serene New Square on your left and the lawns on your right, you come through other gates to Lincoln's Inn Fields, a great garden of trees and flowers and playing children, with spacious houses on three sides. On the south side is the Royal College of Surgeons with very curious anatomical collections on view on certain days.

On the North side is the Soane Museum, where is a valuable, but somewhat too heterogeneous, assemblage of works of art and objects of interest, brought together by Sir John Soane, the architect, who died in 1837. Its opening days are somewhat



Middle Temple Hall
New Court, Fourteen Courts,
Essex Court
for Garter Court.

capricious, but it should be seen. The special treasure is the sarcophagus of Seti I, who reigned in Egypt in the fourteenth century B.C., and was the father of Rameses the Great. Other visitors may consider the series of paintings by Hogarth a more desirable possession.

Returning to Chancery Lane we find, on the other side of the road from the Lincoln's Inn gateway and nearer Fleet Street, the Record Office, where there is a little museum containing the finest collection of historical autographs in the country and other exhibits of great interest.

Resuming our walk down Fleet Street, we find on the left St. Dunstan's in the West, a building dating from only 1831, but set on the site of an older. The open-work octagon tower is very pleasing. The statue in the wall is that of Queen Elizabeth. Keeping on the left pavement, look now for Johnson's Court, a tiny alley, and pass through it to Gough Square, where you will find the house in which Dr. Johnson was living when he made the dictionary. It is now a Johnson Museum, most admirably organised and managed, and is filled with relics of the great man.

Returning to Fleet Street, which is the

46 . INTRODUCING LONDON

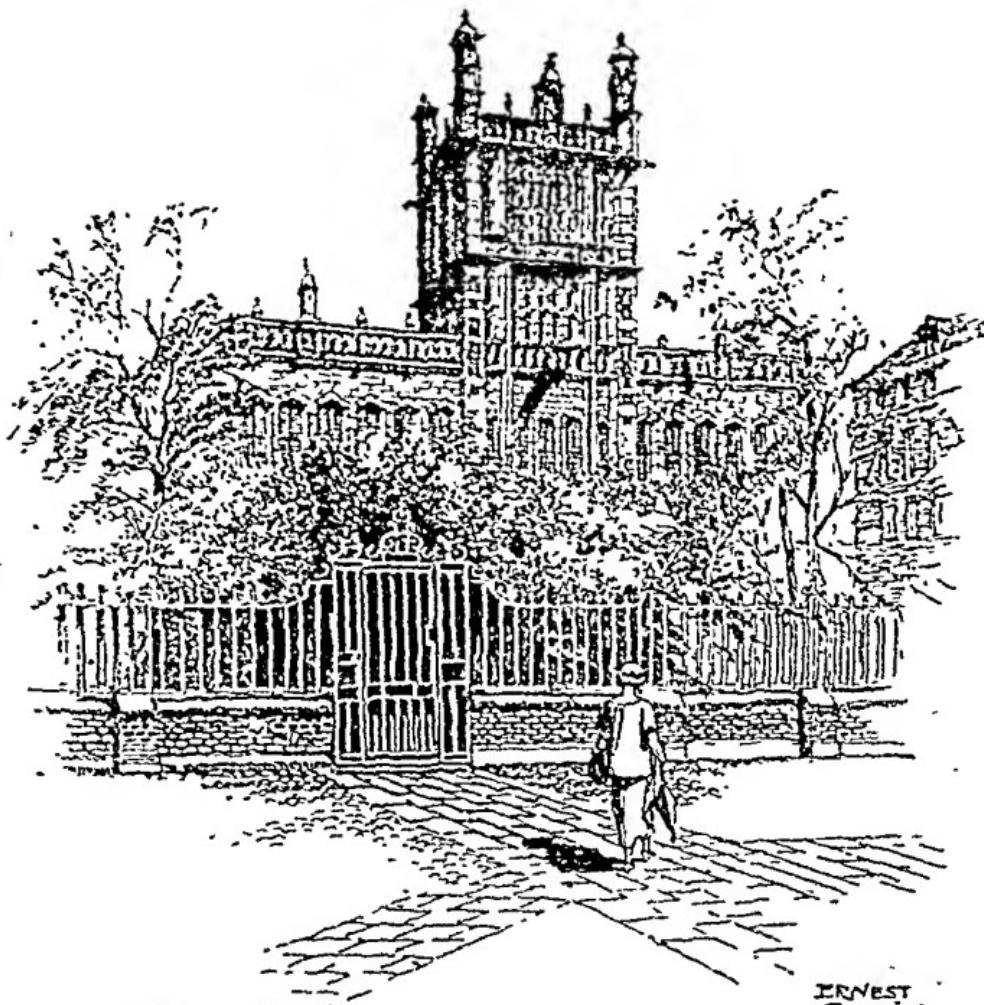
centre of the newspaper world of London, you will see on your right the soaring spire of St. Bride's, another Wren church. The steeple, divided into diminishing galleries, has a quality of brightness that is not surpassed in the whole City. On your left is an ancient chophouse called the Cheshire Cheese, with sanded floor and hard seats, a great resort of American tourists, who like to feel that they are eating under the conditions that prevailed in Dr. Johnson's day.

You are now close to Ludgate Circus, and can see the dome of St. Paul's rising over its hill. This might be a good opportunity to visit the great Cathedral, of which you will find the description on page 72.

At the moment I am returning to our starting point, Victoria.

THE WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

THE nearest place of interest and beauty to Victoria is the Westminister Cathedral, the largest Roman Catholic church in the whole country. It hides behind Victoria



The Record Office
from Gifford's Inn.

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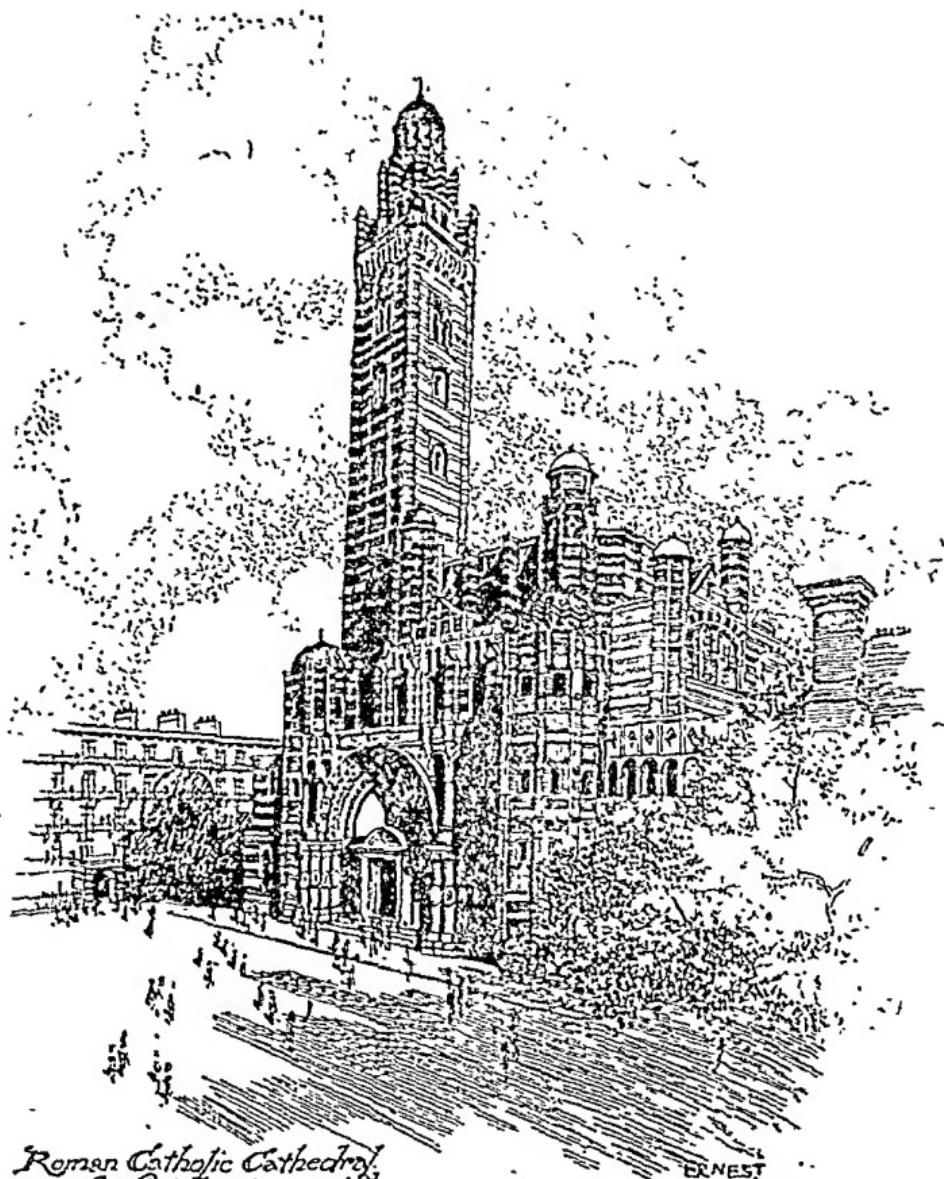
Street, just on the right as you go towards Westminster Abbey ; the campanile may be seen from the station yard, and never to better advantage, for only the upper storeys are visible, and they are more pleasing than the whole tower. The cathedral is new. The main structure was completed between 1895 and 1903, but it will be many years before the whole of the interior walls are covered with marble, as is intended. London has no more surprising building, if we except the little white Armenian church at Iverna Court in Kensington ; for the style of architecture is Romanesque. In Ravenna it would be at home ; here it seems odd indeed, and it would be even more odd if it could be seen from a distance, which is now impossible. Indeed no modern church of such importance can have been erected on so congested a site. The tower is very lofty (over 400 steps), the total length of the nave and chancel is over a hundred yards ; and the surrounding blocks of flats are only a few feet away !

The two or three side chapels which are finished will give an idea of what the cathedral will be like when all the bricks are hidden by marble. You and I will

not live to see it. Be sure to see the little chapel of St. Andrew with its cool grey surface, its mosaics, its aluminium grill and the stalls in ebony and ivory. The Stations of the Cross, incised in stone by Eric Gill, should be studied. Some are very touching and beautiful; all are the work of a sincere artist.

From the Westminster Cathedral, of the Old Religion, it is an easy step to Westminster Abbey, once also of the Old Religion but now the most famous temple of the New. A penny bus down Victoria Street is the simplest medium of transport.

Many buildings confront you at the point where you dismount, at the end of Victoria Street. First the Abbey. Then, beyond, the Houses of Parliament. Between them the little church of St. Margaret's. On your immediate left the great headquarters of Wesleyanism. Next, across a side street, the Westminster Hospital. Next that a new and ornate building, with many pleasing architectural fancies, the Westminster Guildhall. Beyond this is Parliament Square, and on the way to it, on the left, you will see the recently erected statue of Abraham Lincoln standing before his chair.



Roman Catholic Cathedral
Westminster.

ERNEST
COFFING

The curious fountain with the many-coloured conical top and the little bronze kings and saints round it, at the corner of Great George Street, was erected in honour of Fowell Buxton's work as emancipator. The memorial in front of the entrance to Dean's Yard is the Westminster Monument, a red column commemorating the old Westminster boys who fell in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny. Dean's Yard, whence the cloisters of the Abbey are entered, takes you to the ancient Westminster School. Visitors are allowed to look about it, and you should certainly do so. In a moment you are in medieval times.

But now we will see the Abbey.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE early history of the Abbey is vague. The Abbey of St. Giles, the present building, was the creation of Edward the Confessor, who was afterwards canonised, whose tomb was an object of pilgrimage, and in whose honour Henry III in the thirteenth century rebuilt the church more or less as we now

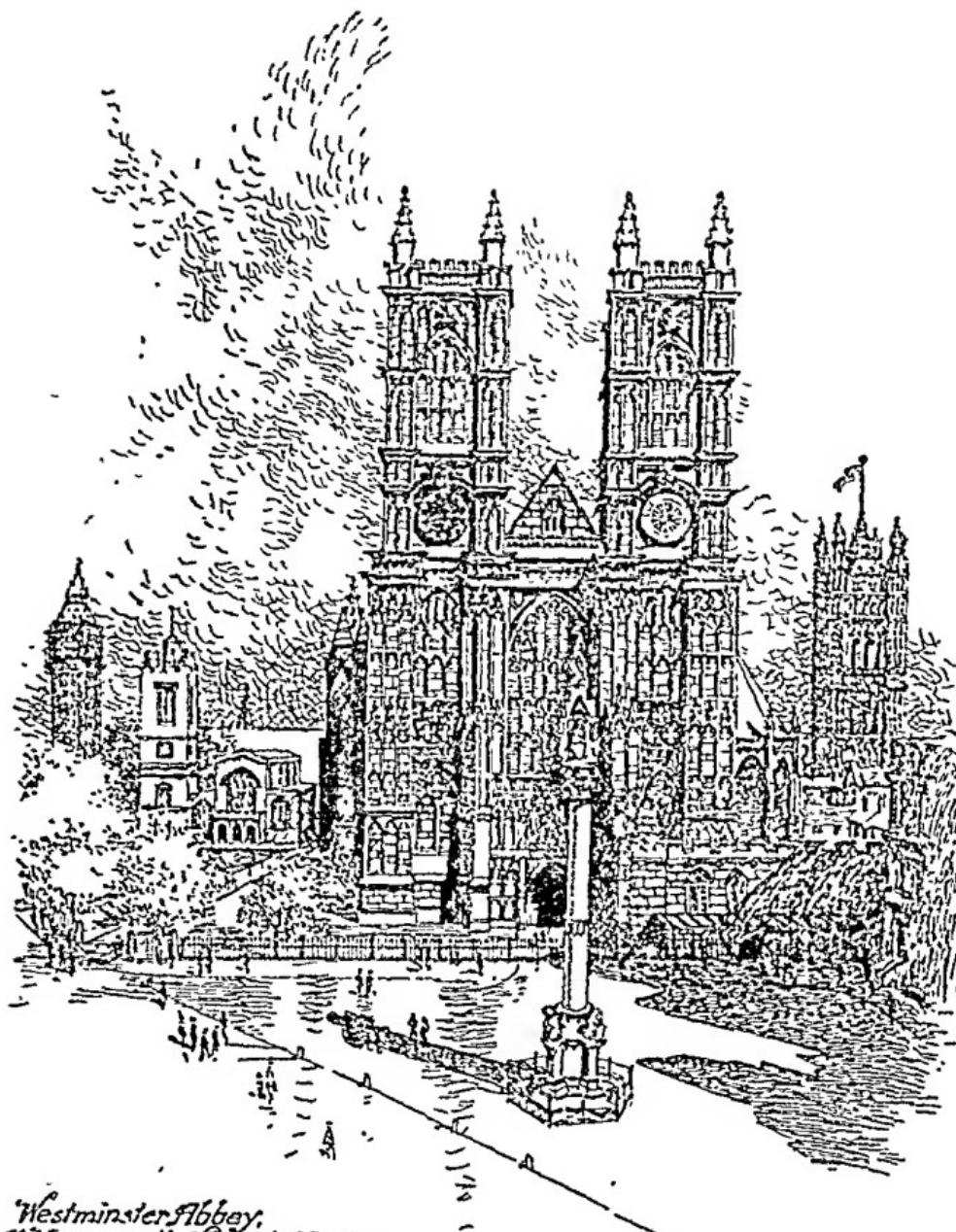
know it, and established it as the burial place of our kings. It remained so until the death of George II. The present royal burial-place is Windsor.

The next important event in the life of the structure was the erection of Henry VII's lovely chapel at the East end. The next, the elimination of Rome, under Henry VIII ; the next the reinstatement of Rome, under Mary ; the next the re-elimination of Rome, under Elizabeth, never since to be changed. The mediocre west towers belong to the eighteenth century.

Westminster Abbey must be entered and taken very slowly if its spell is to be exercised to the full. Outside it is not beautiful like Canterbury or Salisbury, nor has it any of the commanding magnificence of Lincoln. But inside it is unique. It has its height, its glass, its flowers of stone and its peerless dead.

The little eighteen-penny guide-book by Canon Westlake, the custodian, is a model of conciseness and communicativeness.

The Abbey is often uncomfortably overcrowded with sightseers ; but that is as it should be. Entering by the North door, opposite Parliament Square, one is first among the tombs and memorials of states-



Westminster Abbey,
St. Margaret's, Victoria Tower,
& Clock Tower, & Westminster School
Memorial

ERNEST COFFIN.

men. Gladstone's slab is in the floor that you walk on ; his statue is close by. Others buried here are Charles James Fox (whose statue is in the nave), Canning and Grattan ; others commemorated here are Beaconsfield, Chatham, Warren Hastings and Cobden.

You now reach the sanctuary, before the altar, where the monarchs of England are crowned ; and from this point you get the first view of the lovely high roof of the nave and of the purples and reds of the two lovely windows in the transepts.

Crossing the sanctuary you come to the South transept, whence Poets' Corner is gained. Here you are surrounded by memorials of English men of letters ; statues and busts and medallions ; while looking down now and then, you can even find yourself standing on flagstones bearing such magical names as Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Samuel Johnson, John Dryden, Charles Dickens. The earliest poet to be buried here was Chaucer, whose tomb is below a window in his honour. Milton, buried in St. Giles', Cripplegate, and Shakespeare, buried at Stratford-on-Avon, Sir Walter Scott, buried at Dryburgh, and Thackeray, buried in the Kensal.

Green cemetery, are all commemorated by busts.

The principal object of attention and reverence in the nave is the floor tomb of the Unknown Warrior, in the Great War, which always has its mourners and always has its flowers.

If, on leaving the Abbey, we were to walk up Whitehall we should come quickly to the Cenotaph, our other universal War Memorial. This is a very beautiful monument of stone, of touching simplicity, which rises from the middle of the road and is always surrounded by wreaths and reverent visitors. It is the creation of Sir Edwin Lutyens, whose idea was that there should be on the top a brazier burning with an eternal flame. The authorities, however, forbade this fine imaginative touch.

To return to the Abbey, on each side of the choir and nave are tombs of more of the illustrious dead. On the north side will be found Darwin and Herschel, side by side ; near them other men of science ; a whimsical statue of Wilberforce ; and a number of musicians, beginning with Purcell. Also Sir Isaac Newton, and in the belfry recess, memorials to recent

statesmen, most imposing of which is that to Lord Salisbury.

In the Baptistry, on the other or south side of the nave, we find Victorian poets and divines ; Wordsworth, seated, thinking of a rhyme, which he is to set down with the thickest pencil you ever saw ; Matthew Arnold, and his father the headmaster of Rugby, Charles Kingsley and John Keble. There are no artists in the Abbey. Kneller might have been, but declined : "They do bury such fools there," he said. The artists are at St. Paul's.

In the south aisle of the nave and choir we find soldiers and sailors.

We have now seen all the Abbey that is free. If Englishmen want to see where their kings are buried, they must pay. Some day national churches, which are supposed to belong to the nation, rich and poor, will be open without charge in every part ; but not yet !

After passing the sixpenny gate the first chapel on the right is that of St. Benedict, the founder of the order of Benedictine monks to whom the Abbey once belonged.

The second chapel is that of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, who was massacred by the Danes in 886. His body is at Bury

St. Edmunds in Suffolk, but some relics are here. Among medieval statesmen and noblemen will be found the floor tomb of the first Lord Lytton, the novelist.

The next chapel is that of St. Nicholas.

We now enter the Lady Chapel, better known as Henry VII's Chapel, immediately turning to the right along the long side chapel known as the Margaret Chapel, after Margaret Countess of Lennox. This lady was the mother of Darnley, and therefore mother-in-law of Mary Queen of Scots, whose tomb, close by, is the loadstone that brings most of the visitors to this wonderfully interesting room, with its delicately carved roof.

The chapel of Henry VII, to which we now return, is noted in architecture as an example of Tudor Gothic. It was built early in the sixteenth century, to be a shrine for Henry VI, but that monarch rests at Windsor, close to the school for which he did so much, Eton. The splendour of this beautiful chapel is increased by the banners of the knights of the Bath, which glitter above our heads, and by the emblazoned arms on the stalls. In the nave lies George II, the last King of England to be buried in the Abbey;

behind the altar is the magnificent tomb of Henry VII and his Queen Elizabeth of York, while the body of James I was added later. Note the tracing of the roof above the banners and the curious wood carvings on the lower stalls.

In the South-East Chapel, beside the altar, lies Dean Stanley, who did so much for the fame and name of Westminster Abbey. In the East Chapel behind the altar Oliver Cromwell was buried, but after Charles II came to the throne the body was exhumed and desecrated.

In the North-East Chapel is the pulpit from which Cranmer preached. In the North Chapel is the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham, "Steenie," the friend of James I and Charles I, who was murdered at Portsmouth in 1628, as you may read in Dumas' "Twenty Years After."

We now enter the Elizabeth Chapel on the north side, corresponding to the Margaret Chapel on the south, which is notable for the tomb of Queen Elizabeth. But the special attraction is the urn containing the bones of the two little princes who were murdered in the Tower.

Now for the royal tombs behind the high altar in the Chapel of Edward the

Confessor. But first take note of the Chantry of Henry V, where you may see, by looking up, the saddle, shield and helmet which that king very likely wore at Agincourt.

The shrine of Edward the Confessor should be the principal object here, but popular interest centres rather in the coronation chair made for Edward I and used by all monarchs since. Beneath it is the stone of Scone which Edward I captured from the Scotch. Edward I is among the kings buried here, and here lies his queen Eleanor, for whose funeral procession, as I have said, the series of crosses, of which Charing Cross was the last, was set up.

We now look at the chapels on the north side of the ambulatory. That nearest the Lady Chapel is the Chapel of St. Paul, the next is the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, and the third is the Islip named after an Abbot of that name.

Round the corner in the north aisle are three more little chapels, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, St. Michael and St. Andrew. All contain tombs and monuments.

Finally there are the wax-works (another

sixpence). They are in a little room up a winding stair by the Islip Chapel, and are curious rather than valuable. In the old days it was customary at the funeral of a monarch to exhibit in the procession an effigy in wax or wood which as nearly as possible resembled the dead king. These are a few that remain, but not all were used in processions. The best is that of Charles II, which is uncannily life-like, and Lord Nelson, which has real beauty.

No one should omit to walk in the Abbey cloisters, which seem to be so far from London. Among the inscriptions here, both on the walls and pavement, are historic names, but the most famous tablet is that which simply records the resting place of "Jane Lister, dear Child."

THE EMBANKMENT

A PLEASANT walk after leaving the Abbey would take you to St. Paul's by way of the river as far as Blackfriars Bridge.

You pass first the little church of St. Margaret's, sheltering under the Abbey,

like a nestling near its mother. This is the parish church of Westminster, and it is also much used for memorial services to the illustrious dead. It has a famous east window which during the Puritan régime was buried for preservation.

The oldest part of the Houses of Parliament is Westminster Hall, under the long high roof. The Hall dates from 1097 and the wooden roof from 1399. Charles I was tried and condemned here: a circumstance which adds a certain piquancy to the statue of Oliver Cromwell recently erected before it. The rest of the Houses of Parliament, as we see them to-day, date from the middle of the last century. To appreciate their beauty one must cross Westminster Bridge. Visitors are admitted on one or two days a week, but to debates only by cards provided by legislators.

The statue at the Houses of Parliament end of Westminster Bridge is that of Boadicea, of whom I spoke in the first chapter. Across the bridge are, on the right, the buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital, and on the left the new headquarters of the London County Council, a fine stone structure with a noble crescent but a rather



ERNEST COFFIN

Houses of Parliament
Government Buildings for
Westminster Bridge

discordant, or at any rate un-English, high red roof.

Should you decide to cross Westminster Bridge, turn to the right by the river immediately you reach the other side, and you will come, after passing the last of the St. Thomas's Hospital buildings, to Lambeth Palace, the London residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Although much restored, both the palace and the library, which is shown to visitors, are of the thirteenth century. The library has many unique treasures and the chapel should not be missed. In the Lollards' tower were confined many illustrious prisoners, chiefly those *inimical to the church*. It was here that the Cavalier poet and lover, Sir Richard Lovelace, wrote his deathless lyric of constancy, beginning

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”

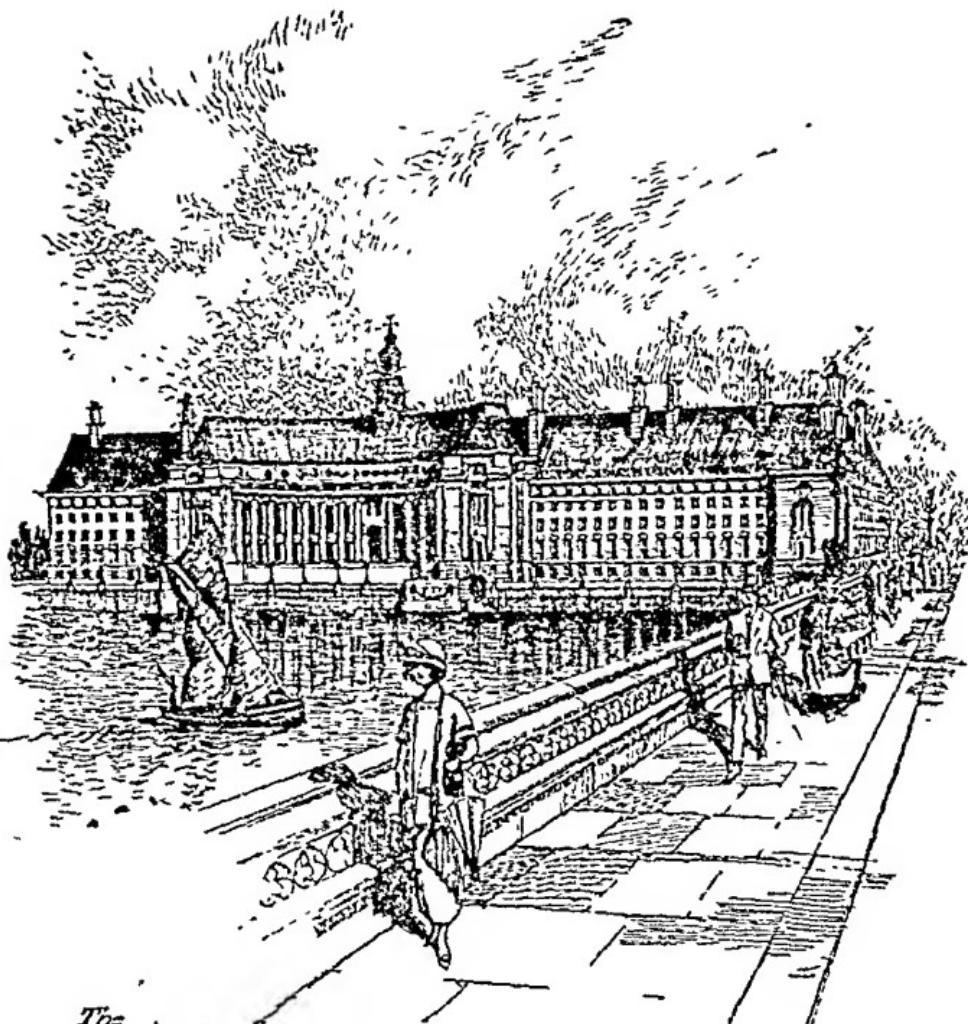
Returning by Westminster Bridge to the Embankment, as you walk eastward, with the river on your right, you will see St. Paul's in the distance apparently on the wrong side of the stream, which you will find bends surprisingly. On your left

the great building, joined to another by a bridge, is New Scotland Yard, where our police force is administered.

The monument on your right with an eagle on the top is that in honour of the part played in the war by the Air Force. You will now see that St. Paul's is coming round and is appearing over the ugly railway bridge in front of you. The great building to the left, rising from the gardens is Whitehall Court, a congeries of clubs, offices and flats, the other side of which was so beautiful from the bridge in St. James's Park.

This mention of the St. James's Park view reminds me that there is a little footbridge on the further side of the hideous railway bridge in front of us, which, on a fine afternoon, provides a feast for the quiet eye. There is no traffic to disconcert. You can see only in one direction, towards St. Paul's, but with the sun behind you and nothing to disturb your reverie, you will enjoy the city prospect as almost nowhere else. Note Wren's gleaming spires.

After passing the railway bridge (resuming our promenade of the Embankment) you will see, on the left, above the gardens, the Adelphi Terrace, where Garrick used



The
County Hall
from
Westminster Bridge

ERNEST COFFIN

to live and Dr. Johnson visited him, and where Turner and Girtin made some of their earliest drawings. Below, in the gardens, is the Old Water Gate, the last remnant of York House, a palace of the sixteenth century. In those days the Thames washed the Strand (hence the name, the strand of the river), and was the highway of traffic. The Embankment on which you are now walking was built in 1864-70. The group of statuary against the railings on your left was a gift to England from Belgium in recognition of England's help to her in the war.

The obelisk on the right is the famous Cleopatra's needle set up in 1878. It dates from 1500 B.C. The holes in the Sphinxes and pedestal were made by a German bomb dropped from the sky in 1917.

The river hereabouts has usually a little traffic; on the further bank are wharves and warehouses and chimneys. Visitors from Paris will miss second-hand book stalls along the parapet.

On our left now are the Cecil and the Savoy hotels. The next bridge is Waterloo Bridge, now under reconstruction, as the central piers were beginning to subside,

and then comes Somerset House with the great water-gate where the river once entered. Over the middle of the next bridge, Blackfriars, you can see the tops of the Tower Bridge gleaming. After some more Embankment gardens, with statues, we find the Temple lawns ; but as we are now bound for St. Paul's you will not stop but merely admire this green retreat and envy the lawyers their sanctuary.

At Blackfriars Bridge you turn to the left for Ludgate Circus, and then to the right up Ludgate Hill, on the top of which St. Paul's stands. The church half-way up the hill on the left is St. Martin Ludgate which was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the Fire.

THE CITY

DURING the past few months grave signs of decay have been found in the structure of St. Paul's, and a fund has been raised by *The Times* for its renovation. Much of the building that is usually shown is therefore no longer accessible.

In Westminster Abbey we saw the tombs



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St Paul's Cathedral
& Ludgate Hill
for Fleet St

of kings and statesmen, authors and poets. In St. Paul's repose the great soldiers and sailors and the great artists. Wellington is here and Nelson ; Collingwood and Sir John Moore ; J. M. W. Turner and Millais. St. Paul's Cathedral, Wren's masterpiece, was begun in 1675, and finished in 1710, in the reign of Queen Anne, whose statue is before the principal entrance. It is possible to think of the walls as too florid and almost clumsy, but no one can withhold admiration from the dome. In sheer size, a property in which English buildings are too often deficient, the structure conquers, both close at hand and from any point in the surrounding landscape, such as Hampstead Heath, Blackheath, Greenwich Park, or the Crystal Palace.

The interior has no such beauty as you find in the most famous cathedrals of the continent. It is almost commonplace and always cold. There is no glass and no painting for picture-lovers. But there is a commanding vastness, and the monuments re-tell the history of England.

St. Paul's, one has to remember, is one of the few national churches in England that never belonged to Rome. Hence perhaps its bleakness, a characteristic

common to almost all Wren's ecclesiastical work. Not only does it stand on high ground, but being three hundred and sixty-five feet in height—think of the course for a hundred yards race and set that on end!—it dominates London from every distant spot, and if you could climb to the Stone Gallery you would dominate London too. The view is very interesting and impressive, and even there you are high above every other building. On ascending to the Golden Gallery more surrounding country is opened up. Visitors who can climb perpendicularly via ladders can get right to the top, but they must be thin. The route lies through the Ball, where there is a peephole to the floor below, with its worshipping insects moving about.

The Whispering Gallery which runs round inside of the Dome, carries and magnifies every word spoken to the wall.

Why sixpence should be charged for the crypt, where the honoured dead have memorial tablets, I cannot understand. Many famous artists are buried here, and here is the tomb of the builder of the church itself. One would have thought that such a tomb should be free!

On the way to the Guildhall, from

St. Paul's along Cheapside, you pass Bow Church, which has the peal of bells, to be born within sound of which constitutes you a Cockney. The crypt dates from the reign of William II.

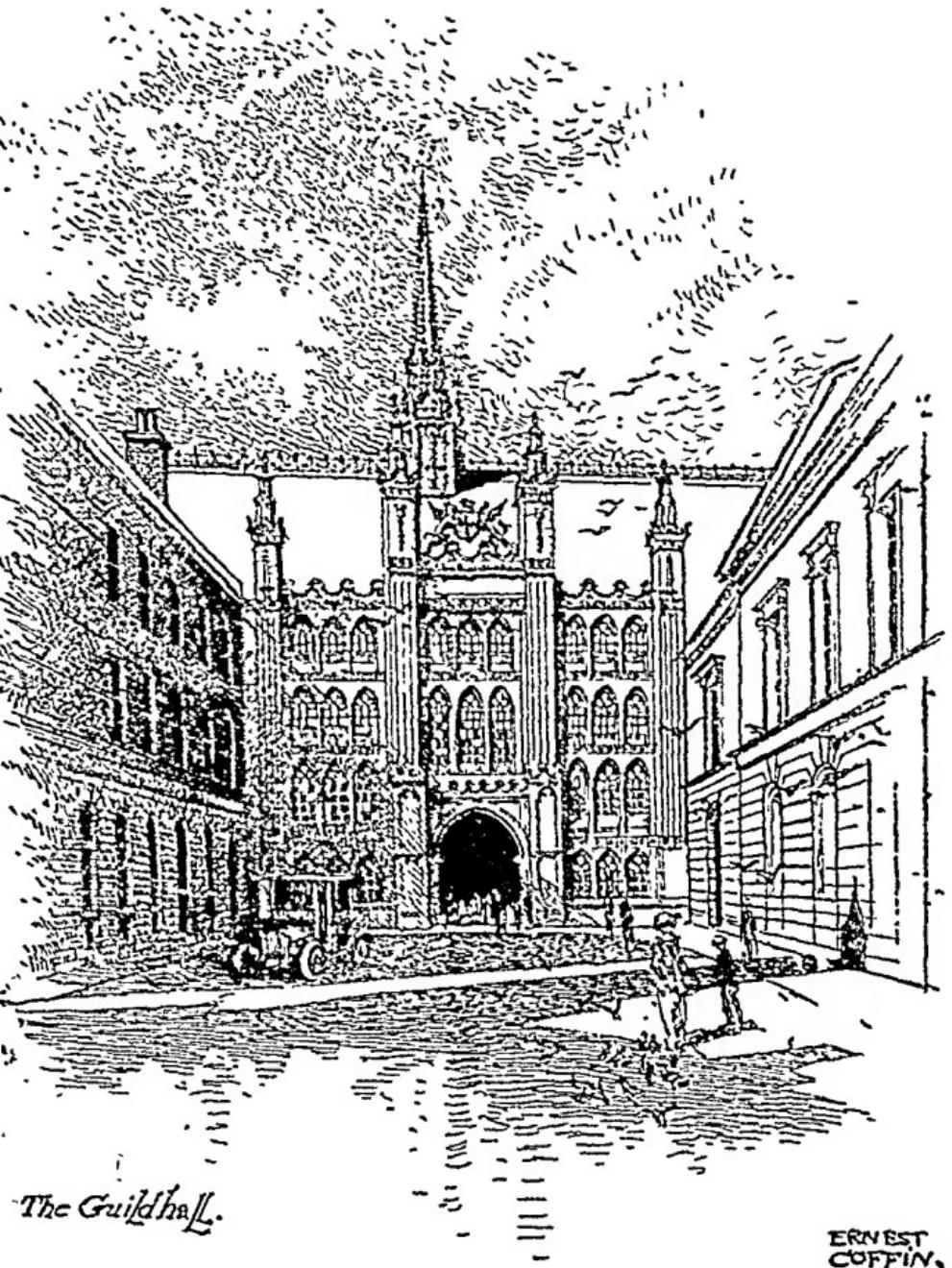
The Guildhall, which is close to St. Paul's, should be visited for its Roman antiquities and as a specimen of English civic architecture. The hall itself is very fine, and you will find the two tutelary giants of the city there, Gog and Magog, carved in wood and coloured. The banners of the worshipful livery companies or guilds hang on the walls, and it would be interesting, if you had time, to see some of their comfortable and often sumptuous headquarters. The Skinners' Hall, for example, at No. 8 Dowgate Hill, a short distance away, has famous plate and some new decorations by Mr. Brangwyn; the Girdlers' Hall in Coleman Street has a glorious Persian carpet framed on the wall.

Some of the old tavern signs of London that are preserved in the Museum are amusing. There is a picture gallery, where the city preserves its art treasures, but not much of the highest excellence is here. Works by Constable, Millais, Dyce, and

Burton should be looked for ; also drawings of animals by J. M. Swan. A seated statue of Henry Irving has verisimilitude.

The Guildhall is the Town Hall of London ; the Mansion House, a short distance away, at the end of Cheapside, is the official residence of the Lord Mayor. On the other side of the open and dangerous space in front of the Mansion House is the Bank of England. The imposing façade at the east end of the space is the Royal Exchange, in which will be found a number of mural paintings representing scenes in the history of London by various artists. Commerce itself is allegorised by Mr. Brangwyn. The ancient beadle in their cocked hats are a quaint survival. At the east end of the Royal Exchange is Lloyd's, the great maritime insurance organisation, but strangers may not enter. The chimes of the Royal Exchange, which play more than twenty old English, Scotch and Irish airs, are worth waiting for.

After St. Paul's, the Guildhall and the Tower, there is little to see in the city but its churches, many of which are threatened with demolition, partly because there are few residences around them now and partly because the revenue for the ground they



The Guildhall.

ERNEST COFFIN.

occupy would be of great use. Feeling runs high in this matter. My own desire would be to keep them intact, as things of beauty and harbours of refuge from the din and fever of money-making.

Most of the city churches are the work of Sir Christopher Wren. There is no need to enumerate them ; all that you need to do is to wander about the City, and when you see a church go in. There will always be something to reward you. On no account miss St. Stephen's, behind the Mansion House, where Wren's sense of dignified simplicity, proportion and comfort is to be found at its best. St. Margaret's in Lothbury, close by, should be seen too, for its Grinling Gibbons font and its chancel screen. The only other screen in a Wren church is in St. Peter's, Cornhill.

As I have said, churches will suddenly appear among the offices as you walk about the city and all should at least be peeped into. Some have churchyards left, but not many. One of these is St. Botolph Without, Aldersgate, which has a very attractive garden, a little temple of altruism, where certain deeds of "heroic self-sacrifice" that might otherwise have no public

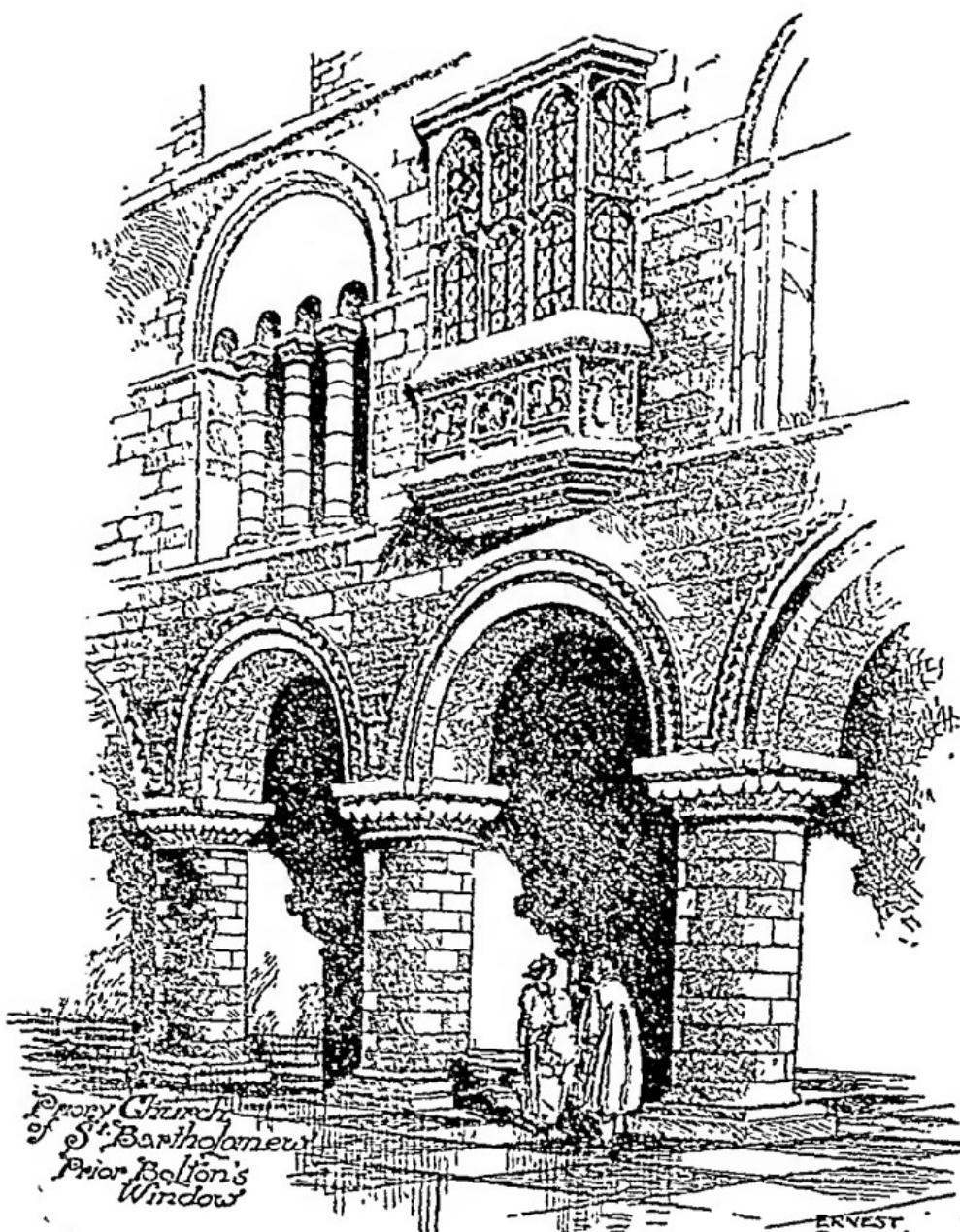
record are commemorated by tablet and medallion.

Let me say here that among the churches, not necessarily Wren's, that no one should miss, is St. Bartholomew's the Great at Smithfield. This is the oldest church in London, if the chapel in the White Tower is excepted, and one of the most beautiful. Only a portion remains, the restoration of which has been most carefully carried out. One of its most curious and exquisite architectural treasures is the oriel through which the Prior used to look into the church from his adjoining residence—known as the Prior Bolton's window.

Rahere, a friend of Henry I, who founded St. Bartholomew's Hospital, close by, was buried in this church.

There are some very old houses in Cloth Fair, a neighbouring street, but the oldest house in this part is that over the gateway of the church, whose unsuspected Elizabethan façade was laid bare by the explosion of a German bomb in 1915; one of the few benefits which the war conferred.

It is in Smithfield, as a tablet on the wall of the Hospital records, that various Protestants were burned in the reign of Queen Mary: the Smithfield Martyrs.



Porch Church
of St. Bartholomew
Prior Botton's Window

ERNEST.

On the other side is the great meat market of London, which is no place for tourists. Beyond that you find, in Charterhouse Square, the Charterhouse, an almshouse for gentlemen since 1611, and before that a convent. You may enter and look at the quiet refuge where the evening of life may be spent by those who are fortunate enough to be elected.

Charterhouse School, which used to adjoin, has been removed to the country, but the walls are covered with the names of scholars. One of the most famous is Thackeray.

THE TOWER OF LONDON

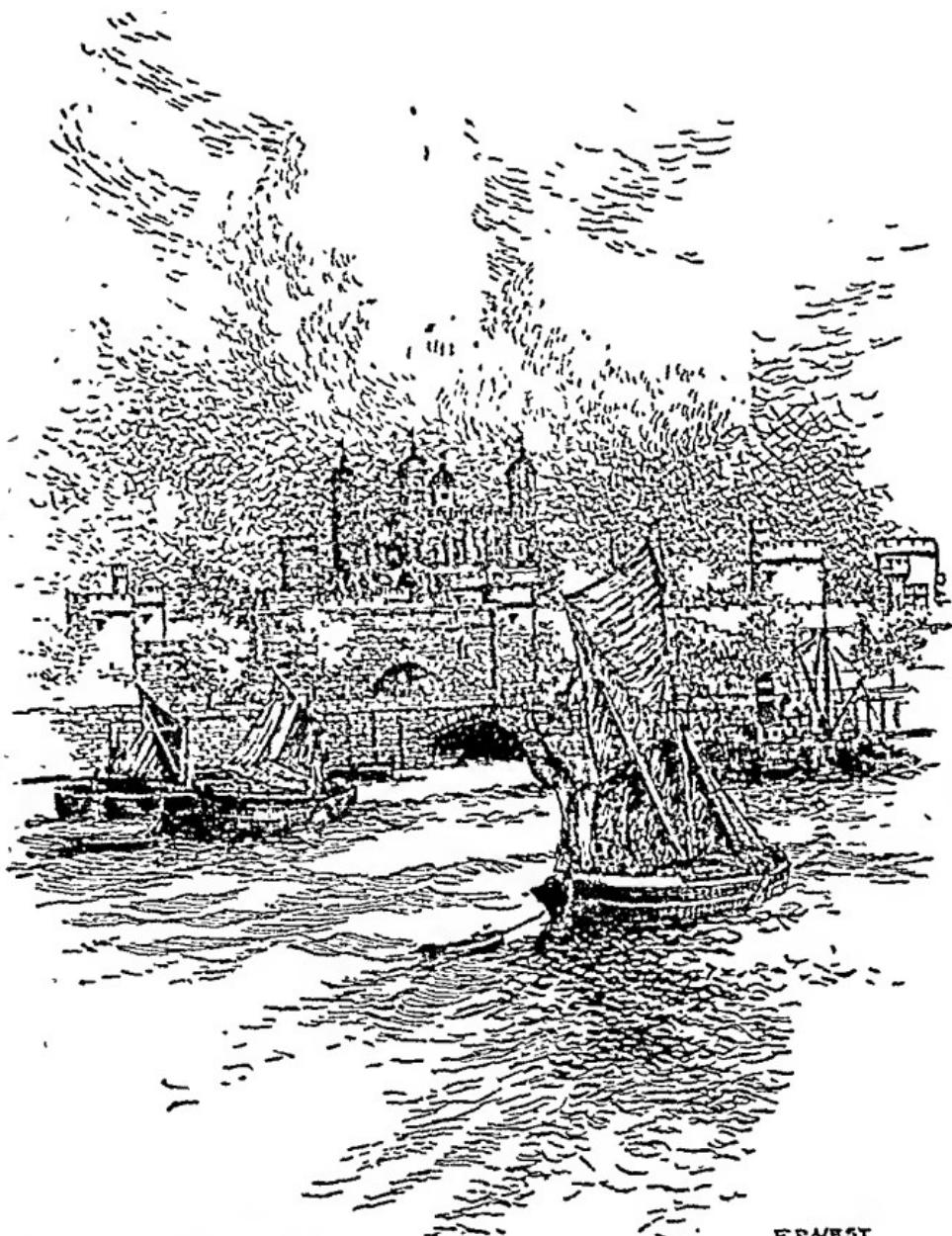
FOR the Tower of London, which is English history in stone, you take a ticket at any of the underground stations for Mark Lane. As you emerge you see the Tower before you. In the lunch hour the open space here, called Tower Hill, where executions used to have place, is given over to orators and conjurors, all with crowds of people around them.

No part of the Tower is free, but you

may walk on the quay between it and the river, without payment, and look at the bascules of the mighty Tower Bridge rise to let the shipping in and fall again to let the traffic over, and see some of the activity of the Port of London, whose new headquarters are lodged in the imposing white building behind Mark Lane station.

But this is only a detail of the famous harbour; for the docks proper you must travel further east, as we will do later.

One of the curious things about the Tower is its isolation and self-containment. It is a little city within a big one. One thinks of it as a cold historical monument of grey stone, battlemented, with an armoury and attendant beefeaters in their opera-comique costume. But in reality it is a rambling village with, for every grey stone tower, a comfortable "old world" residence with flowers, lawns, children, nursemaids and home pets about it. There are houses in the Tower that the most fastidious might envy; there are even window boxes! There are Virginia creepers in which ten thousand sparrows twitter. It is the strangest mixture not only of town and country but of mediævalism and modernity. Three



The Tower of London.

ERNEST
COFFIN.

or four motor-cars and a taxi were standing outside the military headquarters near the White Tower on my last visit, and in the room in the White Tower, where the battle axes and maces are preserved, a beefeater was searching an evening paper for the racing news.

In the White Tower, in addition to the armour and the weapons of the past, will be found the gun-carriage on which the body of Queen Victoria crossed London on its way from Victoria to Paddington, and the cloak on which General Wolfe lay and breathed his last. The actual suit of armour worn on horseback by Charles I is worth seeing, for it gives us his size. You can tell by it that he was no giant, just as the suite of armour belonging to Henry VIII which you will find at Windsor Castle tells you that that monarch possessed some of the girth attributed to him.

The Tower's relics of that champion widower turn principally on his bereavements, for on Tower Green you are shown the spot where the scaffold stood on which Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard were executed. But this is merely the site of the block. In the White Tower you see the actual block itself on which, in 1747,

Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, laid his naughty old neck. Beside it is the axe, and neither have been used since.

One always thought of sculptors as being born rather than made, but after visiting that room in the Beauchamp Tower where many of the inscriptions in the cells have been assembled one realises that incarceration can be an excellent apprenticeship. You will observe that almost all the illustrious prisoners seem to have learnt to cut stone admirably. But popular interest centres in the word "Jane," which occurs twice, although the proof that Lady Jane Grey incised them is lacking. This part of the Tower is peculiarly associated with her tragedy; for her father and brothers were prisoners too, and her husband was beheaded on Tower Hill just before her own execution on the green a few yards from her cell.

But of course the real protagonists of the Tower are not Lady Jane Grey or Anne Boleyn, Sir Walter Raleigh or Guy Fawkes, but the little Princes, the last resting place of whose remains we saw in the Abbey. It is the room in which they were suffocated that everyone wants to see. You find it upstairs in the Bloody

Tower, which had not in their time won its sanguinary name, but was called the Garden Tower.

Close to the Tower is the Royal Mint, where our coins are made. Permission to visit it can be obtained through an application in writing to the Deputy-Master. It is an interesting place and some of the machines for testing coins are dangerously nearly human.

As you return to Mark Lane station you will have before you the lovely spire, on flying supports, of St. Dunstan's in the East.

While hereabouts you might like to walk either on to or over the Tower Bridge, with its views of the river doing its proper work as a highway of shipping and merchandise, a meeting place of East and West.

Or perhaps you will find your way to London Bridge, past the Monument, which marks the beginning of the Fire of London in 1666, and cross the river there. There is not much to see on the Surrey side, but readers of Chaucer and Dickens will find the Borough High Street, the southern continuation of London Bridge, amusing, for the White Hart is there, with remains of the old galleries round the courtyard

which we associate with Pickwick, and farther down the road is the Tabard inn from which the Canterbury Pilgrims started.

Southwark Cathedral, just south of the bridge, is a beautiful Gothic church of great antiquity, which is becoming a minor Westminster Abbey by reason of its tombs and memorials of the illustrious. Chaucer is honoured here, and here Chaucer's friend, John Gower, is buried. But the principal literary association is Shakespearean, the old theatre district of London being at Bankside, near by. A translucent alabaster recumbent figure of Shakespeare is one of the sights. Beaumont and Fletcher, Alleyn and Massinger are also commemorated.

THE DOCKS

A VISIT to the docks, which cover some hundreds of square miles, if it is to provide even a hazy idea of their extent, means a whole day; and it can be done rightly only in parties, by whom steamers can be chartered. Hence most people confine their attention to the London Dock only,

as that is the most accessible and includes such popular attractions as the famous wine vaults and the museum. But the London Dock (although it alone embraces a hundred acres) is a mere detail in the great expanse. For that, however, you must first take train for Fenchurch Street. The London Dock is seen easily and may be included in the visit to the Tower which you have just made, cards of admission being obtained at the offices of the Port of London Authority.

To explore even the London Dock is in a sense to put a girdle round the earth. The globe is at your feet. That England is an island which cannot do without the rest of the world is proved here in the most amusing and picturesque ways in five minutes. Indeed, I can conceive no better gradus to geography than a walk through the vast rooms.

You begin with ivory, for, if you want a few yards of elephant tusk the London Dock is the place to get them. Here they lie by the thousand. You next climb to the Spice floor, and in this fragrant spot begin to realize what a banquet of scents the Dock can spread. I don't say they are all perfumes, but they are all interesting

and now and then very difficult to identify. But here on the Spice floor the scents are rich and Eastern, the prevailing one being that of cinnamon, which mingles with nutmeg and mace and cloves, but over-masters all. In addition to this Spice floor there is a Bark floor, and elsewhere you will find all the heavily-scented oils that are used chiefly in medicine, the conquering hero being of course eucalyptus. Then the great iodine room with its hint of hospital wards, where you are surprised to see iodine looking like powdered lead. If you want to know what is the very antithesis of powdered lead, you will find it near by in a bowl of quicksilver which the thoughtful Port of London Authority has placed in one of the rooms for the beguilement of visitors. Surely of all the freakish fancies of which Nature is possible, quicksilver is the gayest ! Is there any other liquid which is wet and yet dry ? any other liquid that needs force to get your hand into it and can sustain buoyantly a twenty-eight pound weight ? any other liquid that almost requires a giant to lift a pint of it ?

But of course the culminating excitement of this particular section of the

Docks is the visit to the wine vaults, which are twenty-eight miles long. How to obtain an order to "taste" I have never learned, but it is of course important to be provided with one.

The other Docks, needing the longer excursion, are the Surrey Commercial, where timber is kept; the West India, where rum is king; Milwall Dock, the abode of grain; Royal Victoria and Albert and King George V Docks, where the largest ships of all can enter and where tobacco and frozen meat are among the chief imports. If you intend to visit the frozen meat store houses you should take an overcoat.

FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS—I

MAYFAIR. HYDE PARK

GOING from Piccadilly Circus westward, along Piccadilly, you come soon, on the left, to the church of St. James, which gives its name to this, once the aristocratic, part of London, as opposed to St. Giles. It is a red brick building, by Sir Christopher

Wren, standing back from the road. Inside, it is very friendly, and there is some good carving by Wren's ally, Grinling Gibbons.

Next we come, on the same pavement, to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colour, with busts of some of the most eminent of them on the façade. The famous comestible shop, Fortnum & Mason's, is close by. Opposite is the entrance to the Albany, a curiously retired street of chambers, running up to Burlington Gardens, where Gladstone once lived, and Lord Byron. It is not open to any but residents, and to those who can persuade the porter that they know a resident and will be welcomed by him.

Immediately after, also on the right side, is Burlington House where the Royal Academy holds its exhibitions. If there is no exhibition—the period of the summer show is May to August—there is still the Diploma Gallery, which has two treasures that make a visit imperative: a cartoon by Leonardo da Vinci, and a marble relief of the Madonna and Child by Michael Angelo. It also has the diploma pictures which all R.A.'s have to paint as a votive offering to the Academy, and some of these

are very interesting. Among the presentations that have been made to the Gallery is the famous "Leaping Horse" by Constable.

Just beyond Burlington House is Burlington Arcade, an enclosed street of shops, and then we come to Bond Street, where the jewellers and picture dealers are, and a great variety of other tradesmen who expect you to have much money and to be lavish with it. Into this street I am afraid to accompany you.

If you continue along Piccadilly westwards you come, just past the Berkeley Hotel (which is opposite the Ritz), to the place where Devonshire House, one of the most famous mansions of the nobility, recently stood. Many others are now closed owing to the severity of our post-war taxation.

If you were to go up Berkeley Street you would come to Berkeley Square, which is the very heart of wealthy and aristocratic Mayfair. Some of the best London residences are here and in Charles Street and Hill Street, leading westward from it. The house within its own grounds, south of the Square, is Lansdowne House, which Mr. Selfridge, who owns the famous stores,

now rents. Mayfair is bounded on the west by Park Lane, to which we should come on our way farther along Piccadilly, with clubs on our right hand and the Green Park on the left.

The last house of all, in Piccadilly, before we enter Hyde Park, a sombre building in grey stone, is Apsley House, the home of the Great Duke of Wellington, and it has the Wellington memorial before it on the island. Apsley House used to be called No. 1, London.

KENSINGTON AND THE MUSEUMS

Continuing our journey westwards from Hyde Park Corner we come to the museum district, for at South Kensington the museums cluster. First and foremost is the Victoria and Albert, where every variety of decorative art may be studied. Next, the Natural History Museum, and then the Science Museum and others to which we will come in due course.

You can get easily to South Kensington either by bus or the underground railway, and there is a subway connecting the station with the two chief museums.

The Victoria and Albert Museum, better known as the South Kensington Museum, was founded in the eighteen-fifties as the home of applied art, with the specific purpose of stimulating English activities in that direction. It has grown into one of the most magnificent treasure-houses in the world, containing works of beauty and wonder in every form of human artistic endeavour.

It is indispensable alike to the student and lover of furniture, sculpture, metal work, porcelain, pottery, textile fabrics, embroidery, costume, lacquer, book production, theatrical decoration, glass and water colour painting.

Special bequests have enriched it beyond the expectations of its founder, and you will find there the Salting Collection of porcelain and miniatures; the Ionides Collection of modern paintings; the Jones miscellaneous bequest; the two rooms of paintings and sketches by Constable; the W. C. Alexander Collection of Japanese lacquer; the Sheepshanks collection of works by the early Victorian British artists and the Rodin gift of sculpture. It has also on loan from the King the famous Raphael Cartoons, and there is the best

art library in England accessible to anyone. All is free.

The South Kensington museum, in short, is inexhaustible and only a dolt could be dull there for a moment. In thoroughness it is unequalled, whole façades of old houses having been built against its walls, whole rooms transplanted and set up afresh. A cast of every important masterpiece of sculpture and design will be found, including Trajan's Column, and the Baptistry gates from Florence. The rooms devoted to the bronzes and marble reliefs of the Italian Renaissance contain works as rare and exquisite as you see in the Bargello itself.

To come to the pictures, the most valuable of them—indeed these are beyond all price—are seven of the original cartoons by Raphael which were made for reproduction in tapestry for the Sistine Chapel. The tapestries now hang in the Vatican. There were ten in all, depicting scenes from the Acts of the Apostles, but three have been lost. The master was undoubtedly helped by pupils, but the designs are his. The liveliness and splendour of these great illustrations are equally remarkable. I think that my own favourite

FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS—I 101

is the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes," with its charming lake landscape.

South Kensington is next noteworthy as a gallery for its unique collection of British water-colours, which are arranged in a series of rooms in chronological order so as to give rapidly an idea of the development of water-colour art in England; beginning with the Sandby brothers and Edwin Dayes, who were topographical draughtsmen first and artists second, to the great early masters, Turner and Girtin; and thence to Bonington, Cotman, Peter de Wint, on to Tom Collier, E. M. Wimperis, and so to our own day and the work of Brabazon, D. Y. Cameron, D. S. MacColl, T. L. Shoosmith and Wilson Steer.

The student will be surprised by the large number of executants who were capable of very nearly first-class work. Again and again in these South Kensington rooms one is struck by a remarkable work by an unknown man.

After the water-colours the most valuable possession of the museum in the domain of painting is the collection of Constable's work, chiefly given or bequeathed by the painter's daughter, Isabel. But for Constable's inability to sell his pictures during

his lifetime (one of the mysteries of the universe) this collection could not be what it is. Here you may see him in every stage of his career, and there was hardly a moment in it when he was not inspired, and never a moment when he was not either actually or mentally recording the beauty of the visible world.

From the Constable room we gain the rooms—XCVIII and XCVII—where the Sheepshanks collection is placed. John Sheepshanks was a wool merchant who lived in the first half of the nineteenth century and bought the work of his contemporaries—the principal R.A.'s of that time. His favourites were Landseer, C. R. Leslie, and Clarkson Stanfield, who are strongly represented here. But every early Victorian painter of domestic interest is to be found too.

The best pictures in Room XCVIII are, however, the Turners—showing the giant in his more conventional moods, but very beautiful—and a series of oil landscapes by Peter de Wint, one of which, "A Corn-field," is a masterpiece. In Room XCVII we find two admirable portraits by Raeburn: Mr. and Mrs. Hobson of Markfield; and a shepherd watching his sheep on

Mousehold Heath by Old Crome—a curious colour scheme that haunts the eye long after one leaves.

Room XCVI is miscellaneous and is notable for its Wilsons; a very attractive view of the Thames by Paul Sandby in oils; and portraits of royal and other beauties by Gainsborough, Reynolds, and Lawrence. A tiny study of trees by William Hunt should be looked for: No. 440.

The next room—XCV—has miscellaneous water-colours, including work by Boudin, Josef Israels, Bosboom, and Moll.

Three or four collectors of pictures left their possessions to the Museum, the most notable being John Forster, the biographer of Dickens; the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the scholar, and Forster's great friend; and Constantine Ionides, a Greek resident in England. Forster's best, or most interesting pictures—in Room LXXXIII—are Northcote's portrait of Sir Joshua, a lady by Sir Joshua himself, a pretty Greuze, many drawings by Thackeray and Maclise, Thomas Carlyle by G. F. Watts, Charles Dickens by W. P. Frith, and another version (we saw two at the National Gallery) of Gainsborough's two

little girls from their father's hand. Among Dyce's portraits—in Room LXXXI—are water-colours by Rawlinson and J. R. Cozens, and oils by Romney (the "Serenia"), Gilbert Stuart (a portrait of Henderson the Actor), Cornelius Janssens (portrait of John Donne), and by Richard Wilson and Samuel Scott.

The Ionides Collection fills three rooms, of which No. XCIII has original drawings, chiefly by Daumier and Legros, and Rembrandt etchings; and No. XCI a number of portraits of the Ionides family by G. F. Watts, together with examples of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. The most interesting room is No. XCII which comes between these and has the miscellaneous foreign work. It is strongest in the Frenchmen of the last century—Millet, Ingres, Courbet—but is modern enough to include Degas. Among the masterpieces is a landscape by Koninck; and the rare works comprise two Le Nains. A set of studies of cattle by Paul Potter should be looked for; and there is an interesting view of Geneva by Bonington, with the lake seen through an arch, a picture within a picture.

Elsewhere, on stairs and landings in the neighbourhood of the Art Library, are

designs by Burne-Jones. Note especially that lovely one for the *Roman de la Rose*. An early Millais—done when he was only fifteen or sixteen—should be sought as a curiosity.

In the London Natural History Museum a miracle has been performed, stuffed animals having been made gay. Ordinarily there is nothing so depressing as a place of this kind ; but imagination, the great antiseptic, has been here at work, and at every turn you are interested and often charmed. The series of reproductions of birds on or near their nests is fascinating. If you are thinking of keeping a dog you will find one of the finest examples of every breed to assist you in your choice. Dog owners send the skins of their favourites to be set up as types ; and the liveliness of the setting up, in the case of certain Pekingese, is extraordinary. Cattle breeders can study the classical points of each strain ; and so forth.

There is always an educational campaign in progress in the museum, by which the visitor may be instructed, such as the perils of mosquito bites, the dangers that proceed from flies, the pests that threaten fruit and vegetables. All nature is within

the scope of this really marvellous institution.

Do not fail to seek the collection of cases containing examples of many species of humming birds—feathered jewellery.

A case of the plants mentioned in the Bible shows you in a moment what spikenard was like, what frankincense, and what manna. Anything more terrible than the model of a flea enlarged many times you cannot imagine. I do not recommend you to see that, but look for the section of a Wellingtonia (*Sequoia Gigantea*) which began to grow when Justinian was Emperor and was cut down in 1881, one thousand three hundred and twenty-four years later.

A little way up Exhibition Road on the left is the entrance to the Science Museum. In the Natural History Museum you saw what God has done for man in making so wonderful a world. In the Science Museum you see what man has done for himself and how adaptable and masterly he has been. But you will notice with surprise that when it comes to constructing a covered way to a science museum his skill has left him, and if it is raining (as it was when I was last there) you will get very wet on

the long, long walk in the open before you reach the door.

The Science Museum is primarily for mechanics and engineers, but the visitor with an open mind will find it entertaining as well as instructive. Among the more recent galleries is one devoted to aviation and another to wireless. In the road transport section you will find not only the latest motor-car but the earliest, and also a stage coach and a sedan chair. Every kind of bicycle, from the bone-shaker onwards, is here. An exhibition illustrating the centenary of the steam engine is now on view. I cannot think of any place in London more stimulating to a boy with a mechanical bent.

In Imperial Institute Road, where you will probably emerge after the tour of the Science Museum, you will find the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and also the museum of the Imperial Institute, the central part of which is the University of London, facing the Imperial College of Science.

These two museums, never populous, are sometimes the quietest places in London.

The Indian Museum is a treasure-house of the East, valuable both to those who

know India and to those who want to know it. The examples of the various industries have been most carefully chosen : sculpture, Mogul paintings, metal work, carpet weaving, pottery, costumes, lace-making, and jewellery. Some of the embroideries are very beautiful. There is a case of Burmese marionettes and a case of Javanese shadow-play figures that should be looked for.

The Museum of the Imperial Institute is a permanent Wembley. All the dominions and dependencies are represented, and you can see in a flash what they produce. Many souvenirs of the Prince of Wales's visit to India in 1920-1 are preserved here, the loyalty of the votive offerings often being in advance of their taste.

After seeing museums, no matter how fascinating, repose is needful and Kensington Gardens are close by, where you may find it. The herbaceous borders at the back of the Albert Memorial are cool and varied, while beyond them are trees and grass that might be in the country itself ; and beyond them the Round Pond, where children and old gentlemen sail their boats and dogs continually frisk.

The red-brick building is Kensington Palace, which William III made his private home and which continued to be occupied by our monarchs for many years. William III and his Queen Mary, Queen Anne and King George II all died there; Queen Victoria was born there in 1819, and it was there, in 1837, that she was awakened on that historic night, and on being informed that she had succeeded to the throne, promised to "be good."

To the right is a sunk garden in the Dutch manner, in spring a most delightful spot, and always refreshingly unlike London.

HYDE PARK AND THE WALLACE COLLECTION

At Apsley House, had we gone north instead of proceeding further west, we should have come at once, in the garden on our right, to a statue of Lord Byron. Across the roadway on the left is the Achilles statue, which was set up by English women in 1822 in honour of the Iron Duke. Achilles, however, is a misnomer; the figure is really a horse tamer adapted from one of the statues on the Monte Cavallo in Rome. Continuing our

way northwards we come, at the first gate, to the memorial recently erected in honour of the exploits of British cavalry during the war. The houses in Park Lane hereabouts are very attractive, whether very small, or spacious. The first large one in its own grounds is Dorchester House, which contains remarkable carvings and statuary by Alfred Stevens, but is not open to the public.

Hyde Park is our Bois de Boulogne. But how different! Whereas the famous Bois of Paris possesses two race-courses and a polo ground, the Londoner cannot see polo anywhere but at Ranelagh, Hurlingham and Roehampton, and then only by ticket through a member's privilege; while the nearest race-courses are Alexandra Park in the north, and Sandown Park in the south. London has, however, more parks than Paris, for in addition to Hyde Park in the west (our Bois de Boulogne) and Victoria Park in the east (our Bois de Vincennes), there is Regent's Park (our Parc Monceau) and Battersea Park, all with lakes and grounds, and we also have many green and wooded squares such as are strange to Parisians, and the cricket grounds of Lord's and the Oval, in addition

to the great healthy Hampstead Heath and the various surrounding commons, of which Clapham and Wimbledon are the most extensive.

In the open space before the Marble Arch, at the head of Park Lane, public orators are allowed much freedom of speech. They are at their most revolutionary and voluble on Sundays, and it is sometimes amusing to listen to them for a little while and even more amusing to listen to their adversaries in the crowd.

The Marble Arch is the nearest thing to the Arc de Triomphe in Paris that London can do. It was built as an entrance to Buckingham Palace and removed here in 1850, and is now not only a comely white structure, but the residence of a number of policemen. In the middle of the roadway will be found a triangular mark indicating the exact position of the old scaffold known as Tyburn, where malefactors were executed in public as recently as 1783. Be careful not to be run over while searching for it.

The road proceeding north from the Marble Arch is the Edgware Road. The road to the west is the Bayswater Road, and the road to the east is Oxford Street.

If you go along Oxford Street and turn to the left after Selfridge's you will come to Manchester Square, where Hertford House is situated, the home of the Wallace Collection, one of the best of the smaller private art galleries in the world.

The interest—apart from its supreme value—of the collection, which comprises furniture, armour and articles of vertù as well as pictures, is that it is mainly the choice of one man, the fourth Marquis of Hertford (1800–70), although a certain number of works of art were added by his heir, Sir Richard Wallace (1818–90), whose taste was similar.

The Marquis of Hertford, as a collector, laid down the maxim that he would acquire "only pleasing pictures." However fine a painting might be technically, if he did not like it—or, in the old phrase, if it did not like him—he would not buy it. We see very quickly how fond he was of Murillo, Greuze, Boucher, Bonington, Delacroix and Meissonier. Perhaps it is fortunate that he put so much faith in his agent Mawson; for some of the greater masterpieces were acquired by his assistance, such as the Velazquez and Rembrandts.

Let me begin by saying that the catalogue of the Wallace Collection is the best catalogue that I know.

The first room on the first floor is No. XII, where the Canalettos and Guardis hang. The best Canaletto is the view of the Grand Canal with S. Simeone Piccolo, all gravity and sparkle. The most exquisite of the Guardis are No. 494, "The Custom House," and No. 508, "The Rialto."

In Room XIII we come to Holland and find the customary embarrassment of riches. Van Huysum is here with his flowers and miraculous dewdrops; Ruisdael with a village and landscape; Rembrandt with the head of a boy, small but great; Jan van der Heyden's "Westerkerk"; Hobbema (who never fails) with a water mill; Cuyp, with two horsemen at a tavern; Paul Potter, with an almost uncomfortably real landscape with cattle. And here are two painters less often met with and both fine; Wilhem Drost, with a portrait of a young woman, and Joannes Van Noordt, with a pretty boy and a hawk. But I am not sure that Netscher's "Lace Maker" is not the real gem of the room.

Room XIV is also Dutch, and here perhaps the Terburg "Lady reading a

Letter" is the masterpiece. Other painters to look for are Cuyp with an "Avenue," a little in the manner of the famous Hobbema at the National Gallery; the admirable Wouwerman, No. 218; Rembrandt's landscapes, which recall the work of his friend Seghers; the very rich interior by Maes; the Jan Steens, each with something exquisite in it (note the lovely blue and yellow and grey of No. 150); the Brouwer, without any of his favourite colours; and lastly the "Woman Cooking," by a very rare painter Esaias (or L.) Boursse, who shared the peculiarity, common to most Dutch painters, of being able to paint as well as any other Dutch painter in his own line.

In Room XV we find those contemporary French artists in whom Lord Hertford so much delighted, together with the works of that Englishman who gave more than one of these—and in particular Delacroix—their impulse, Richard Parkes Bonington. The accomplishment of Bonington could not be better illustrated than here. My own favourites are Nos. 273, 341 and 351. In No. 362 he seems to combine Constable with the Turner of the "Frosty Morning" at the National Gallery. The other English

painter here is Lawrence, in No. 41 very like Raeburn, but in No. 558 himself absolutely. Rousseau's great landscape is more authentic than Corot's. That fine draughtsman Prud'hon, so seldom seen in England, is here, and another French painter and colourist, also rare in England, may be admired too—Couture.

We now enter the big room, No. XVI, where the chief treasures are to be found. On the right we find the two Rembrandt groups, Susanna van Collen with her daughter, and Jean Pellicorne (her husband) with his son; two of the finest portrait groups in existence. Between them are a Cuyp and a Hobbema. There is a charming Dutch girl by Miereveld, a Velazquez (or perhaps it is by Del Mazo, his son-in-law), Reynolds' stately Mrs. Carnac, and then the famous Rembrandt, "The Unmerciful Servant," with its wonderful light and shade and drama. Perhaps the picture that comes next is the most popular of all, Frans Hals' "Laughing Cavalier"; but I have always thought the title a misnomer, for it is rather a sneer than a laugh. In all the pictures by Hals that we are going to see, none is more carefully painted or subtly finished than

this. Two Van Dycks on this wall should be taken together : the glorious full-lengths of Phillippe le Roy and his beautiful wife. Between them is the melancholy unforgettable "Lady with a Fan" by Velazquez; another Hobbema; Reynolds' little Miss Bowles with her dog; and one of the best of Rembrandt's many portraits of his son Titus. A little farther on is another fine Reynolds, "Mrs. Nesbit with a Dove," and near it is one of Rubens' "rainbow" landscapes, with half of Flanders in the distance, and one of Peter de Hooch's sublimated interiors. After a perfect Cuyp, No. 138, a Claude, all hush and beauty, No. 114, and a dashing Jordaens, in his Rubens, we come to some genuine Rubens sketches, which pave the way up to his masterpieces on the fourth wall—the "Holy Family" and "Christ's Charge to St. Peter." The other notable works on this wall are the two Velazquez—Don Ercón Balthazar as a stocky but important child, and Don Balthazar a little older, on a pony—a magnificent thing; three charming Reynolds' : the charming Mrs. Hoare with her infant son, and then Richard more charming and masterly Nelly Orre ever with her infant poodle ; and finally E'y Brierly, the

very popular little Miss Haverfield by Reynolds' great rival, Gainsborough.

In Room XVII we find a few Italian Old Masters, the two favourite pictures being the very fine Andrea del Sarto, one of his best works, and the benignly sweet Luini, "The Virgin of the Columbine." The fresco of the little boy reading, by Poppa, is delightful, and there is a very Spanish and very maternal Madonna by Murillo. The Allegory by Pourbus is perhaps not worth elucidation, but its northern hardness is an interesting contrast to the Italians. A good Bronzino portrait also hangs here.

In Room XVIII we come to the Fête Champêtre school which Lord Hertford so greatly fancied, Watteau, Lancret, Pater and Boucher all being here. The foreshortening of the sleeping shepherdess in No. 385 is masterly. Here also is Greuze, with some typical innocent heads, the delicious Fragonard in some of his best moods, and Madame Vigée le Brun with a merry boy in red.

In Room XIX we find Boucher again. In Room XX a French painter, rare in England, is found, Louis Leopold Boilly (1761-1845), who was something of a

Hogarth and something of a Frith, and is very valuable to historical students of his time. Beside him hangs a George Morland, with a kindred subject but a more voluptuous style. The "Hunt Breakfast" by Jean François de Troy is very animated.

Between Rooms XX and XXI are a selection of water-colours by Bonington, both landscape and historical groups, and again one marvels at the perfection and range of this hand—stilled at the age of twenty-seven.

The principal pictures in Room XXI are two portraits by Cornelis de Vos, and in the Rotunda adjoining the Greuzes.

Downstairs there are few pictures, but the famous beauty, "Perdita" Robinson, may be compared in the treatment she received from the rival brushes of Reynolds and Romney, and here and there are some attractive Nattiers and other French portraits. A little Landseer and a little Clarkson Stansfield indicate how much better these minor masters could paint than many of the contemporaries.

On the top floor are many water-colours.

FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS—II

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

WE have now taken the west road from the Circus, which is Piccadilly. There remain the north-west road, which is Regent Street; Glass house Street, where the Regent Palace Hotel is situated; Shaftesbury Avenue, running north; Coventry Street, running east into Leicester Square; and Lower Regent Street, running south past the Crimea Memorial and the Duke of York column (which we have already seen) to St. James's Park.

Coventry Street, where there are theatres and cinemas, is crowded after dusk and no place for unattended girls. After crossing Leicester Square and passing the Empire and the Hippodrome, it becomes Cranbourn Street and Long Acre, by which Kingsway and Holborn are reached, and so the City. Long Acre should be avoided in cabs, on account of the congestion there caused by market carts bound for Covent Garden, the great vegetable and fruit market, on the outskirts of which are Drury Lane and Covent

Garden Theatres. Thence it is a short walk to the Strand, and, to us, familiar ground.

For ground that is new we must leave Piccadilly Circus by Shaftesbury Avenue, where are more theatres. This Avenue borders on the district of London where French people and French shops and little French restaurants abound, the main thoroughfare of which is Old Compton Street. At the great Palace Theatre Charing Cross Road bisects the Avenue, the left-hand half by Charing Cross Road running north to Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road, where the furniture shops are thickest. For London has a way of specialising in various streets and districts. Thus the French throng where we now are, in Soho ; the Italians are to the west of Tottenham Court Road ; the second-hand book shops are in the southern section of Charing Cross Road ; the cinema companies' offices are in Gerrard Street and Wardour Street ; the doctors and dentists are in Harley Street and Wimpole Street ; the wholesale drapers round St. Paul's ; and so forth.

Shaftesbury Avenue, when, at enormous cost, it was cut through the old crowded



Old House or Stable Inn.
Holborn.

ERNEST
COFFIN

Soho, was to have been another successful commercial artery ; but it never fulfilled its destiny. Even up to Cambridge Circus from Piccadilly its shops are, for the most part, inferior ; while between Cambridge Circus and New Oxford Street, whither we are now progressing, they are mostly squalid. At New Oxford Street we cross the road, and passing up Hart Street, which is a picture postcard area, see before us the grey and sombre façade of the British Museum with the pigeons clustered on its steps.

It is absurd in a brochure like this to attempt to write about the British Museum at all because the British Museum is the whole world in little, and not only the world of to-day but the world of all time. Everything that man has accomplished from the earliest eras is illustrated there. Just to hint at its range, let me say that it is as necessary for the philatelist to visit it as the Egyptologist. For the ordinary sight-seer it is inexhaustible, and I advise no one with general interests to miss the Print Room, where there is always an exhibition on view, together with permanent examples of Chinese and Japanese art ; or the collection of autographs on

the ground floor, where some of the most exciting handwriting in the world may be studied. The British Muséum has only recently taken to publishing picture-post-cards of its treasures, but you will see at a glance how admirably the work has been done.

The great Reading Room is reserved for students, and you will probably have too little time in London to make use of it ; but you should peep in.

FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS—III

REGENTS' PARK

THE last time we were in Piccadilly Circus we moved eastwards along Coventry Street. If we were to take Regent Street, running north-west, we should come in time to Regent's Park, a mile and a half distant. Regent Street a year or so ago was largely uniform, but latterly a riot of rebuilding has set in and it is now architecturally lawless. As originally planned by Nash, George IV's architect, who built for him that Chinese toy, the Brighton Pavilion,



The British Museum.

ERNEST
COFFIN.

Regent Street was part of a huge symmetrical system which had Carlton House, where Carlton House Terrace now stands, as its southern boundary and Regent's Park as its northern. But that was too orderly for London and individualism was allowed in. There will soon be no Nash left.

Regent's Park is gained by London's widest residential street, Portland Place, once nothing but mansions, but now succumbing to the modern tendency to occupy flats. In Regent's Park are the Zoological Gardens, or Zoo, where wild animals are kept captive in the humanest way possible. Among the institutions of its kind all the world over, the London Zoo ranks very high, and its interest has lately been widened by the addition of an aquarium. The Mappin Terraces, where the bears and goats and flamingoes have their quarters are recent too, and are copied from Hagenbeck's at Hamburg. The very latest addition is Monkey Hill, fitted up with the most modern devices for the comfort of its inhabitants, including artificial sunlight for foggy weather!

In Regent's Park the Botanical Gardens are also situated, but for those interested in botany I recommend an excursion to

Kew, which is only half an hour from Charing Cross by frequent trains.

The lake in Regent's Park, like the Serpentine in Hyde Park, has its fleet of rowing boats, and in a hard winter both sheets of water are thronged by skaters. Beyond Regent's Park lies Primrose Hill, an odd little conical playground, and then Hampstead and Highgate, the two "Northern Heights." It is necessary to visit Hampstead Heath just to see what kind of a Buttes-Chaumont London possesses. It is a vast and wild tract of sandy hills and hollows covered at the top with bushes and sloping down on all sides in grass land to the surrounding sea of suburb, which, unlike Canute, it is happily empowered to stop. In 1924 this great pleasure was immensely increased by the purchase, by public subscription, of a large part of Ken Wood, where, though so near London, badgers still breed.

From the edge of the Spaniards Road, just by the Round Pond, which is distant from Victoria by train and tube only a little more than half an hour, you will, on a fine or windy day, have a magnificent view of London, with the dome of St. Paul's rising nobly from the grey.

THE TATE GALLERY

STARTING from Victoria and going south down the Vauxhall Bridge Road, there is nothing that is interesting until you come to the river and turn to the left, when you reach the Tate Gallery.

The Tate Gallery—or more properly the National Gallery, Millbank—is the building in which the work of British artists is preserved, although latterly some modern and recent foreign works have been added, and more are to follow. Its history is one with that of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. In 1890, however, the late Sir Henry Tate, the sugar refiner, offered to build a gallery which should take his own collection of Victorian pictures, and also be large enough for the British pictures belonging to the National Gallery too. This offer being gratefully accepted, the National Gallery was divided into two, one-half, which we have seen, with its comprehensive representation of all painters, in Trafalgar Square, and the other half, purely British, at Millbank. The building was opened in 1897. Since then new rooms for the Turner pictures

have been added, the gift of the late Sir Joseph Duveen, the art dealer, and other extensions are promised, including a room, the gift of the present Sir Joseph Duveen, in which Mr. Sargent's work is to be assembled, and another for the reception of such modern continental masters as Cézanne, Van Gogh and Matisse, the main provision for which is a fund recently inaugurated by Mr. Courtauld.

The Tate Gallery contains the works of the British School moved from Trafalgar Square, the bulk of the pictures in the Turner Bequest, Sir Henry Tate's own sixty-five pictures, and the pictures acquired every year by the Royal Academy under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. This consisted of a sum of money left by the sculptor, Sir Francis Chantrey, to the Royal Academy, the interest of which was to be devoted to the encouragement of British art, by purchasing every year, or at longer intervals, not more than five works of art "of the highest merit" executed by British artists, dead or living, who had done the work entirely in Great Britain. The will was made in 1840, but the Fund did not become operative until after Lady Chantrey's death in 1875, when

it consisted of £105,000 in 3 per cent. consols.

Gifts and loans to the Tate are also constant, so that something new and arresting will always be found.

We will follow the numerical order of the rooms, even though they have little artistic sequence.

No. I contains British portraits and subject pictures of the great period. Here is Hogarth with the "Marriage à la Mode" series, the *Beggar's Opera* scene, the tragic Sophonisba, where he paints too like other people and without his own exquisite touch, and various portraits. Reynolds and Gainsborough are both here, in all their moods; Reynolds ranging from the massive Admiral Keppel to the Infant Samuel, from the demure little Robinetta to the great Lexicographer. Gainsborough has a large sombre landscape as well as the rapt Parish Clerk and the Musidora Bathing, Romney and Raeburn have typical portraits and there is a brilliant Benjamin West by Gilbert Stuart, a master of radiance. Light of a more golden lambency irradiates the Richard Wilsons, of which No. 2746 is my favourite. Popular pictures are the two pretty laundry maids

by George Morland's father, and George himself is here with his comfortable fleecy brush.

The little Room II is devoted to the mystical genius of William Blake. Loan pictures are often added to those which the Gallery possesses. Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims" also hangs here—a picture painted, like Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," solely for the engraver to work upon, but very warm in colour.

Room III, sometimes hung with loan pictures, normally contains British landscape, and in particular Constable's. London is indeed very rich in the work of this great pioneer, for we saw twenty and more of his pictures in Trafalgar Square; there are twenty and more here; and at South Kensington we shall find two rooms entirely his. Note how French some of his Tate pictures are. David Cox and Bonington are also here.

Room IV is the Pre-Raphaelite room, notable for its work by that group of English painters who, in revolt against the free and easy ways into which their predecessors and contemporaries had fallen, devoted themselves, in the middle of the nineteenth century, chiefly under the

stimulus of Holman Hunt, to the effort (in Millais' own words) "to present on canvas what they saw in nature," and to do so with remorseless fidelity. If one would realize the kind of painting they were trying to supersede one must go to the Sheepshanks rooms at South Kensington. The kind of painting that superseded the Pre-Raphaelite methods can be studied at the Tate.

The principal picture in Room IV is Millais' "Carpenter's Shop," recently acquired, and it is also one of the Brotherhood's finest achievements. Why it should have aroused such a storm of indignation when it was first exhibited, in 1850, it is difficult now to understand. But it did. The drawing for it, on a screen, should be examined too, as the painter's first and second thoughts are worth comparing.

The tendency of the secondary artists of this School was to put narrative before tone and composition; but the greater exponents are not to be gainsaid. Madox Brown should be sought for, and William Dyce, although his "Pegwell Bay," which we saw in Trafalgar Square, is finer than anything here. The broad sure touch of Alfred Stevens, especially in No. 2132,

makes most of the work here look niggardly. A breezy landscape by Sam Bough is a welcome surprise.

In Room V we find the most compelling personality of the School—Dante Gabriel Rossetti. And here are several works, finished and unfinished, wistful and lovely, from the hand of Burne-Jones.

Passing to Room VI we find ourselves in the presence of a Titan of the brush—Joseph Mallord William Turner. No one can walk through this and the next rooms without awe and reverence for the glory and magnificence of human power. In Room VI are the finished works, and in Room VII the far more beautiful if not nobler, unfinished. And then there are two rooms of water-colours; and downstairs a room of his sepia drawings and etchings from them, constituting a part of the *Liber Studiorum*, and in the passages there are some more paintings, each one of which, if isolated, would make its home notable, if not actually a place of pilgrimage. No artist in the world was so steadily and unwearingly and copiously productive as Turner, not even Rubens.

In Room VI one may see Turner when he was experimenting in the manner of

his rivals, of whom he was often jealous. We have already, in Trafalgar Square, been able to study the canvases with which he challenges the Claudes. Here one may see him proving that Old Crome was not the only man who could bathe landscape in gold—see Nos. 467 and 526.

The most beautiful picture in Room VII is the "Evening Star," No. 1991. It is called "unfinished," but who would have another touch added? Look also at Nos. 2064, 2065, 560, 1986, 559, 2678, and 1989.

Room VIII is given to foreign paintings, of which almost every one is interesting. Boudin again scores. Degas has both portraits and his sand, sea, and sky decoration. Gauguin (whose work is rare in England) has a Tahiti frieze, with his favourite vermilion strong in it. In a more classic manner is the mere at evening by Rousseau where essential peace broods.

I omit the basement rooms because they are too subject to change, and we resume the tour of this gallery with Room XV. Here we find the old Royal Academy favourites of the not too remote past, such as Frank Dicksee's "Harmony," Leighton's "Bath of Psyche," Luke Fildes' "Doctor,"

and Millais' "Yeoman of the Guard" and "North-West Passage," the navigator in which was painted from E. J. Trelawney, the friend of Byron and Shelley. On the screens are Max Beerbohm's ruthless caricatures of the Pre-Raphaelite brothers at home.

Room XVI is the big sculpture gallery where Augustus John's vast Galway cartoon hangs, together with other examples of his dashing handiwork from earliest times, and certain foreign pictures bought with the Courtauld fund. At the time of writing, these are by Degas, Manet and Van Gogh, but re-hanging is imminent.

Room XVII is wholly devoted to the work of G. F. Watts, and many pictures familiar in photogravure all the world over will be found here in the original.

Room XVIII is given to that great and varied genius, Alfred Stevens, specimens of whose superb work as draughtsman, painter, architect, and sculptor may be seen here. His greatest feat, which occupied nearly twenty years of constant labour, was the tomb of Wellington in St. Paul's, which was to be surmounted by the equestrian figure, a cast of which is in the middle of this room. To Stevens'

intense disappointment the Dean forbade any equine intrusion into the House of God, and the artist died almost broken-hearted in consequence. That was in 1875. Thirty-six years later, however, under an ecclesiastical dignitary free from hippophobia, the tomb was completed according to the artist's splendid original plan.

Room XIX has recent Royal Academy work bought under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and a few earlier pictures. Cecil Lawson's great "Harvest Moon" is here, and Frederick Walker's "Harbour of Refuge." Among the best work is that by Sargent, Orchardson and Flora M. Lion.

In Room XX we find water-colours, among the masters to be studied being Müller, Walker again, Powell, J. M. Swan and Brabazon.

In Room XXI some of the strongest and most rebellious of the British artists of to-day confront us. If there is anything much more different from the kind of painting that Sir Henry Tate rejoiced in, it would be hard to find. The dominating figure of the room is Augustus John, whose "Smiling Woman" is the principal picture here. Her smile perhaps comes from

listening to the divisions of opinion which her uncompromising directness provokes. Personally I think of her as a masterpiece. Look also at the unfinished sketch from the same sure hand called "Rachel," and also at the small boy's head, "Robin," so easy and alive. Other pictures—and many of them less likely to lead to contentiousness—that should be sought for are "Miss Jekyll" and a brilliant still-life by William Nicholson; Wilson Steer's landscapes; Whistler's "Old Battersea Bridge," that lovely, lovely thing; and everything by Sir Charles Holmes, Henry Tonks, Sir William Orpen, Sir D. Y. Cameron, J. D. Innes and Ambrose McEvoy. The curious portrait of Lytton Strachey by Henry Lamb will not soon be forgotten.

In Room XXII are picked water-colours by contemporaries. Look for Sargent, Orpen, McEvoy, John Wheatley, J. D. Innes, Brabazon and A. W. Rich (who is the artist depicted in Orpen's "Model").

Room XXIII is sculpture.

Room XXIV contains more Chantrey pictures, and the great Herkomer group of the Selection committee of the Royal Academy in 1908—of whom how few remain! Works by many of them, how-

ever, hang somewhere in this Gallery, while Mr. Sargent has something in the very room in which his commanding form is depicted. Other painters to look for are Arnesby Brown, Brangwyn, Sir D. Y. Cameron, W. W. Russell, Oliver Hall, Charles Sims, Orpen and Augustus John.

Upstairs are miscellaneous works, paintings, water-colours and many drawings, including remarkable examples of the genius of Muirhead Bone.

Let me, as we leave the Tate, repeat what I have said as we entered it—that loans and new additions are so constant that the picture lover should make visiting it a habit.

I have now described the principal permanent galleries of London. Visitors who are fond of pictures should remember that there are also a number of galleries where Art Societies exhibit and also where dealers hold small shows. The advertisement pages of *The Times* give lists of these daily.

Picture lovers should also get into the habit of looking at Christie's sale rooms in King Street, St. James's, to see what is on view.

RESTAURANTS AND THEATRES

THE most fashionable restaurants in London are connected with the big hotels : the Carlton, the Ritz, Claridge's, the Savoy, the Berkeley, the Hyde Park, which has a terrace room overlooking the Park. There is also the Café Royal in Regent Street, which is a restaurant only.

In the next group, less fashionable, but good, I should name the Piccadilly, Odde-nino's in Regent Street, the Criterion and Trocadero close to Piccadilly Circus, Ver-rey's in Regent Street, the Pall Mall in the Haymarket, the Basque in Dover Street, Kettner's in Church Street, Soho, Jules and Les Lauriers in Jermyn Street, Romano's and the Cecil in the Strand.

Then comes an enormous group of foreign restaurants, of which Gatti's in the Strand, the Monico in Piccadilly Circus, Pagani's in Great Portland Street, the Rendezvous in Dean Street, and the Cavour in Leicester Square, are the most famous and the largest. Smaller ones abound in Soho, chiefly in Old Compton Street and its tributaries.

For purely English food, with joints

always ready, Simpson's in the Strand has the name. But the Holborn Restaurant, at the junction of Holborn and Kingsway, and Frascati's in Oxford Street are excellent of their kind, and both have long wine lists. The café in the Continental style, where you may sit and drink and talk for ever for the price of one small consommation, is rare. The Café Royal, and the Gambrinus, in Regent Street, and the Monico in Piccadilly Circus, almost alone foster this habit. English people either meet at table over a meal or stand in public-houses.

The principal theatres of London are in and about the Strand, Piccadilly Circus and Shaftesbury Avenue. The programmes of the theatre proper change so often that it would be useless for me to say anything here as to their character.

The few music halls that are left are consistent. The Coliseum, the Palladium and the Alhambra give a mixed variety performance every afternoon and evening; and the Hippodrome a revue every afternoon and evening.

At the Victoria Palace, just outside Victoria Station, is a variety music hall performance that approximates more closely

to the old-fashioned style, two performances being given every evening. The Holborn Empire in Holborn is old-fashioned too.

Among the best cinema houses are Stoll's Opera House in Kingsway; the Tivoli in the Strand; the Capitol in the Haymarket, and New Gallery in Regent Street; the Marble Arch Pavilion in Oxford Street and the Scala Theatre off the Tottenham Court Road.

Except for a few weeks at Christmas, at Olympia, London has no circus.

WEMBLEY

THE British Empire Exhibition at Wembley does not open on Sundays, but it is the natural resort of everyone with the time to spare during the week.

Myriad omnibuses run there and trains from Baker Street which can be gained from every underground station, and from Marylebone (Great Central Railway) are frequent.

Wembley offers entertainment of every kind, useful and frivolous, and there are plenty of restaurants.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

THE Crystal Palace, after a period of neglect, is now, in the hands of a new body of Trustees, appointed in 1914, a living place again. Merely as a marvellous glass building set on a commanding ridge in the midst of beautiful grounds it is worth visiting; but it has treasures as well, chief of which at the moment are the contents of the Imperial War Museum which is housed here. No aspect of the terrible four years' struggle is neglected.

Among other unique objects of interest at the Crystal Palace are the life-size models of prehistoric animals on the Geological Island in the Great Lake.

The periodical firework displays are famous all the world over.

The Crystal Palace is best reached by train from Victoria.

SUNDAY AND EXCURSIONS.

SUNDAY in England is not amusing. Few games may be played, except by the rich in their own grounds or clubs. In London every theatre and music hall is closed, but cinemas are allowed to give inferior shows, and there are usually concerts in some profusion. The National Gallery and the chief museums open for an hour or two after lunch. But the air is cheerless. We English find it so ourselves; while to foreigners the city must be a waste of desolation. There are, however, in fine weather, avenues of escape, as the enjoyment of nature is not yet against the law. There are all the riverside resorts, from Richmond to, say, Maidenhead. There is Epping Forest in the east and Hampton Court in the west.

You reach Hampton Court by train from Waterloo, by bus, or by boat. The Palace is of great beauty, and it is rich in historical associations, from the days of Henry VIII onwards. It also has an interesting picture gallery with a possible Giorgione on the walls. But to most people its attraction is the adjacent river,

and the gardens (which include a maze to be lost in), where the best English flowers may be seen massed in the famous herbaceous border. Near by is the Mitre with a tenacious reputation for roast duck.

Greenwich Park, with its fine views of London, and Richmond Park, with its deer, I would also name as resorts on a fine Sunday; while Brighton on the south coast, only an hour from Victoria, is, on Sunday, very like London-on-Sea.

But the favourite Sunday haunt is probably Kew, which is easily reached by the Underground and is not too far by bus and tram. Kew Gardens were laid out for the botanist, but they are so varied and beautiful that they are a delight to all, and never so beautiful as in spring. In the evening it is pleasant to walk beside the river to Richmond, watching the herons fishing from the bank on the Syon House side.

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